Liberty

JUNE 27, 1942 10¢

WOMEN
SERVICES

ROHIBITION—WILL IT HAPPEN AGAIN?

AMERICA'S FIFTH COLUMN IN EUROPE BY CECIL BROWN

Keep the Blitz from *Your* Baby!

Poor little China baby, scared of war so close and dreadful. What's to prevent that happening here, in your town, to YOUR baby?

Men can't prevent it—even big tough soldiers—unless they have tanks, planes, ships, guns . . . more of them, bigger ones, better ones, than any in the hands of the enemy.

And the supplies and machines for successful war cost *money*. Will *you* help?

How to buy a share in VICTORY . . .

Where's the money coming from?

YOU'RE going to chip it in, out of the money you are getting TODAY. Instead of spending it all, you're going to *lend* some of it to Uncle Sam. He'll put it to work for America. He will give you a written promise to pay it back in 10 years, with interest (2.9% a year). If that promise isn't good, *nothing's* good. But because this is America, it IS good.

How can you chip in?

By buying War Savings Bonds. You can buy one today for $18.75. It is worth $25.00 when Uncle Sam pays you back in 10 years.

INSTALLMENT payments?

Yes! If you can't spare $18.75 today, buy War Savings Stamps for 10¢ or 25¢ or 50¢. Ask for a Stamp book, save a bookful of Stamps, then exchange them for a War Savings Bond.

What IS a BOND?

A piece of legal paper, official promise from Uncle Sam that he'll pay you back your money plus interest. The Bond will be registered in your name. Keep it safely put away.

Can you CASH a Bond?

Yes, any time 60 days after you buy it, if you get in a jam and need money, you can cash a Bond (at Post Office or bank).

WHERE can you buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps?

At your nearest Post Office. At a bank. At many stores all over the country.

WHEN?

Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get *nearer* our kids?

★ *Buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds NOW!*

This advertisement has been prepared entirely as a patriotic gift to the Government. The art work, copy, composition and plating, as well as the space in this magazine, have been donated by all concerned as part of their effort towards helping win the War.

These TWO Big Best-Sellers *Only* $1.39 FOR BOTH!

KINGS ROW
Henry Bellamann

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A human face can become a "mask"—hiding love, hate, ambition. But 14-year-old PARRIS MITCHELL took people at face value! He liked affectionate Renee; loved girl-crazy Drake McHugh; trusted Jamie Wakefield, who wrote poems and whom people secretly called "too pretty for a boy."

Cassie Tower, the town's prettiest girl, he thought "strange." She was always kept home by her father, a physician living mysteriously well without patients. But PARRIS feared cold-faced Dr. Gordon, whose patients' hearts were so often found "too weak for chloroform." Once Parris heard (and never forgot) frightful screams from a farmhouse, when Dr. Gordon was there!

"A Powerful and Passionate Book"

Through his sensitive reactions, PARRIS developed the intuition of a born doctor; discovered that each person's protective mask hid a gnawing fear, paralyzing inferiority complex, or cherished vice. And later, as DOCTOR Parris Mitchell (trained as a psychiatrist in Vienna) he stripped off their masks!

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BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. L.6, Garden City, N. Y.

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But if I do NOT like the books I will return them after this 5-day free examination and pay nothing.

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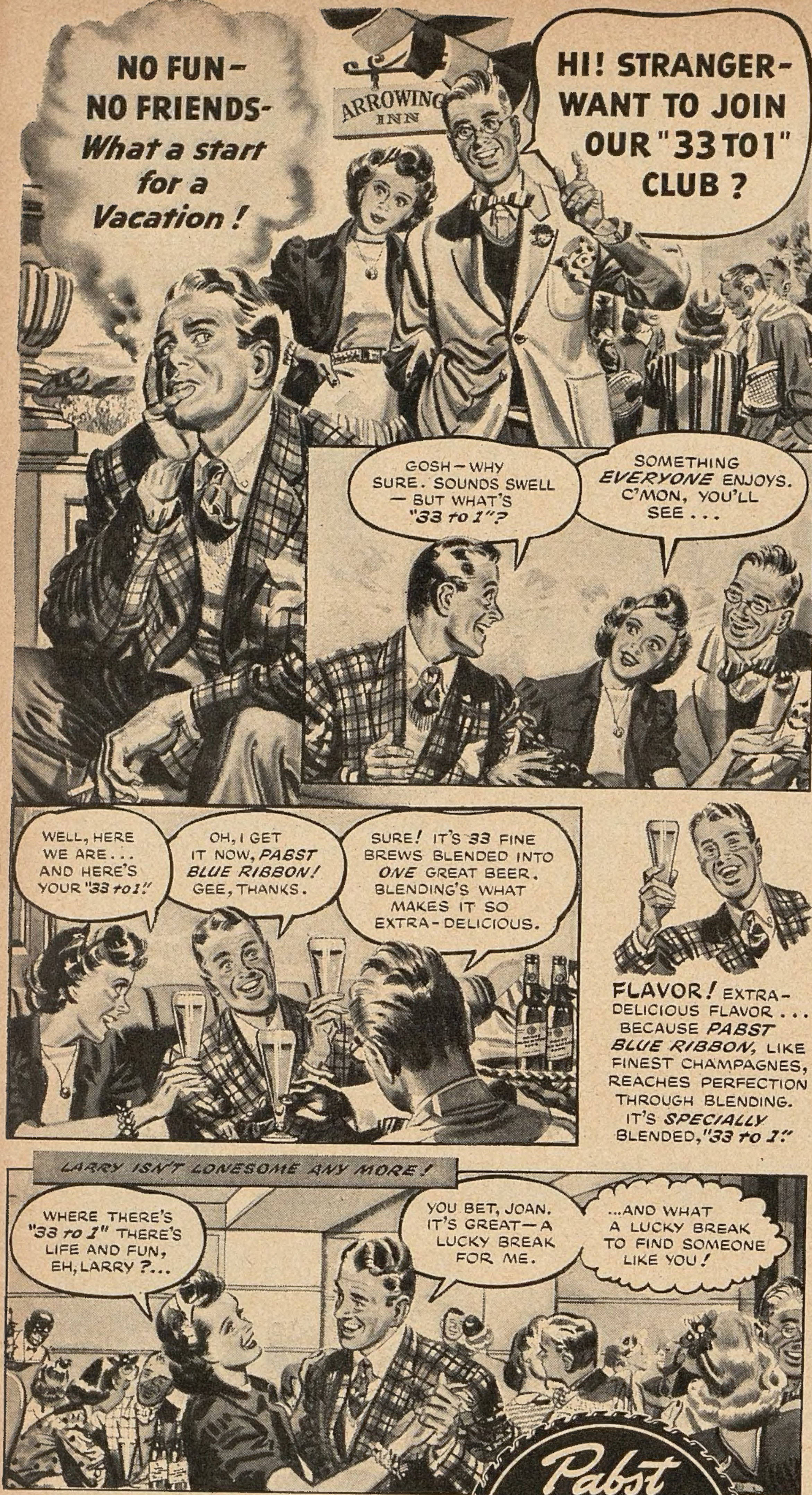
NO FUN— NO FRIENDS— What a start for a Vacation!
ARROWING INN
HI! STRANGER— WANT TO JOIN OUR "33 TO 1" CLUB?
GOSH—WHY SURE. SOUNDS SWELL —BUT WHAT'S "33 to 1"?
SOMETHING EVERYONE ENJOYS. C'MON, YOU'LL SEE...
WELL, HERE WE ARE... AND HERE'S YOUR "33 to 1!"
OH, I GET IT NOW, PABST BLUE RIBBON! GEE, THANKS.
SURE! IT'S 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER. BLENDING'S WHAT MAKES IT SO EXTRA-DELICIOUS.
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LARRY ISN'T LONESOME ANY MORE!
WHERE THERE'S "33 to 1" THERE'S LIFE AND FUN, EH, LARRY?...
YOU BET, JOAN. IT'S GREAT—A LUCKY BREAK FOR ME.
...AND WHAT A LUCKY BREAK TO FIND SOMEONE LIKE YOU!

Good fellowship and good taste go hand in hand with Pabst Blue Ribbon. That's because the expert blending of 33 fine brews gives it a friendly and inviting flavor that's extra-delicious. Enjoy it in regular or club size bottles and on draft at better places everywhere.

Pabst Blue Ribbon

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33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

THIS WEEK

JUNE 27, 1942

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Published by Macfadden Publications, Inc.

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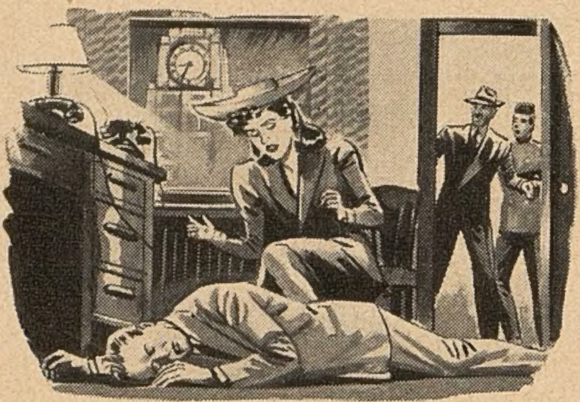
NEXT WEEK

JULY 4, 1942

LIBERTY PRESENTS THE 14TH TRUMP

Bridge players will say there is no such thing. But they don't know the strange card-table goings-on that were a part of what happened after the mysterious Mr. Quigley was shot dead within sight of the clock on the Paramount Building in New York. Nor did lovely Jane Rain know them beforehand—but she found out, as you will too in Judson P. Philips' exciting mystery serial, The 14th Trump. It's a pretty breathless adventure, as you will see. Liberty's editors sat up nights reading the manuscript.



ARE YOU SAFE WITH YOUR DOCTOR?

In increasing numbers, the armed forces are taking medical men out of civilian life—and they seek the best. If *your* doctor goes, where will you turn? How can you most wisely replace him? Morris Markey is, among other things, one of America's ace medical reporters. He begins a vital wartime series about your health next week.

HOW WE WILL DEFEAT JAPAN

John B. Hughes, rising radio commentator, has some special knowledge on this subject. He has given Liberty a detailed blueprint of attack which will stir your imagination. See if, in the months to come, it doesn't maybe come true!

ALSO NEXT WEEK: A lively round-up of the year's baseball rookies by Bill Cunningham. . . . More of Cecil Brown's revelations about Italy. . . . A brisk look at the man who plays Archie of radio's Duffy's Tavern. . . . Fine fiction by Mildred Harrington, Gladys Taber, and others. . . . An interestingly revived Liberty story by Eric Knight, who wrote This Above All. . . . And more, including the new War Heroes Contest. Pages 22-23 of this issue tell you about that.

Liberty, June 27, 1942. Vol. 19, No. 26. Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy; $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries. In all other countries, $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address please allow thirty (30) days for Liberty to reach you.

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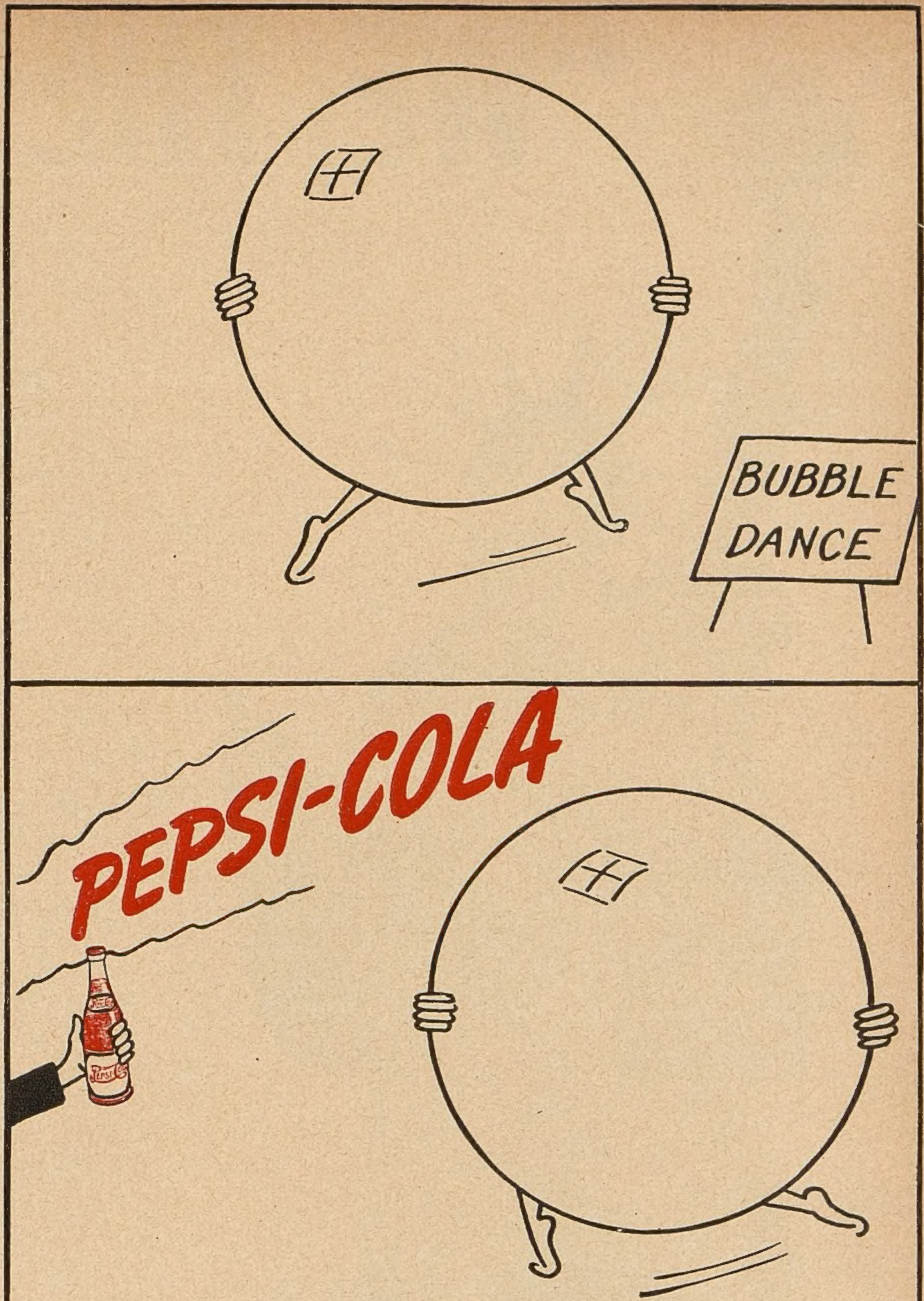


“WE, THE PEOPLE

THIS HEADING, as you know, is the beginning of the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States. It might be well to quote it all, lest we forget:

"We, the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common Defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Here in a single sentence and within the scope of about fifty words—the length of a night letter by wire—is encompassed all of the hopes and aims and aspirations of an entire people.

Every word is important and the first three words are the most important of all. Notice how it begins: “We, the People . . .”

This is probably the first time in history that that phrase was ever used. Not “I, the King.” Nor “We, the Crown.” Nor even “I, the President.” Nor “We, the Congress.” But—“We, the People.”

We, the People—"in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity—"

★ ★ ★

TODAY we have more factions pulling and hauling against our effort to “form a more perfect Union” than the signers of that Constitution of the United States. Our effort to establish justice has been imperfect many times, but the effort *toward* justice has continued with amazing persistence over the years.

But the effort to insure domestic tranquillity has just about reached zero. Not the tranquillity

Liberty
JUNE 27, 1942

# of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union..."

of folded hands. But the tranquillity of spirit which makes it possible for the hands to work their best and the minds to be assured of what the hands are doing.

Right now, too many bricks are being heaved. And We, the People, have not taken the time to understand why they are being heaved nor who is doing the heaving.

★ ★ ★

ONCE, years ago, a couple of hungry newspaper correspondents, working their way through college, saw a crowd of workmen gathered around a couple of fellows who were fighting it out. One of the newspapermen had an inspiration. He whispered, "Heave a brick!" A brick landed in the midst of the thickest part of the crowd. And almost in an instant every fist in that crowd was swinging at the nearest chin.

Then the two bright lads beat it for the telegraph office and wired their newspapers, "Riot among Stamford workmen. How much?" (How many words shall we send?)

Now, what can We, the People, do about this heaving of bricks?

First, we can ask ourselves *who is heaving the brick, and why,* before we start slugging at the nearest chin.

For example, the papers have been running over recently about time and a half for overtime, double time for Sunday, a forty-hour week and no more, until you would think that the millions of American workmen were a bunch of hooligans out to grab the last nickel they can get with the least effort they can give.

Anybody who knows the first thing about these millions of men who are doing the actual war work in our factories knows that there is no more loyal, eager, patriotic bunch of men anywhere else in the world. They know their job is winning this war, and they are determined to do it.

Again, We, the People, are reading in the headlines of enormous wealth gouged from government contracts by war profiteers and we are gathering the impression that the business structure of these United States is out to grab whatever it can at the expense of our men who are dying in the field.

And again we have a brick heaved at the very forces that must go all out to win this war—if it is going to be won. Therefore we must know who is heaving this brick, and why. Suffice it here and now to say that We, the People, do not believe that section of our citizenry known as the business world is so stupid as deliberately to destroy its own future.

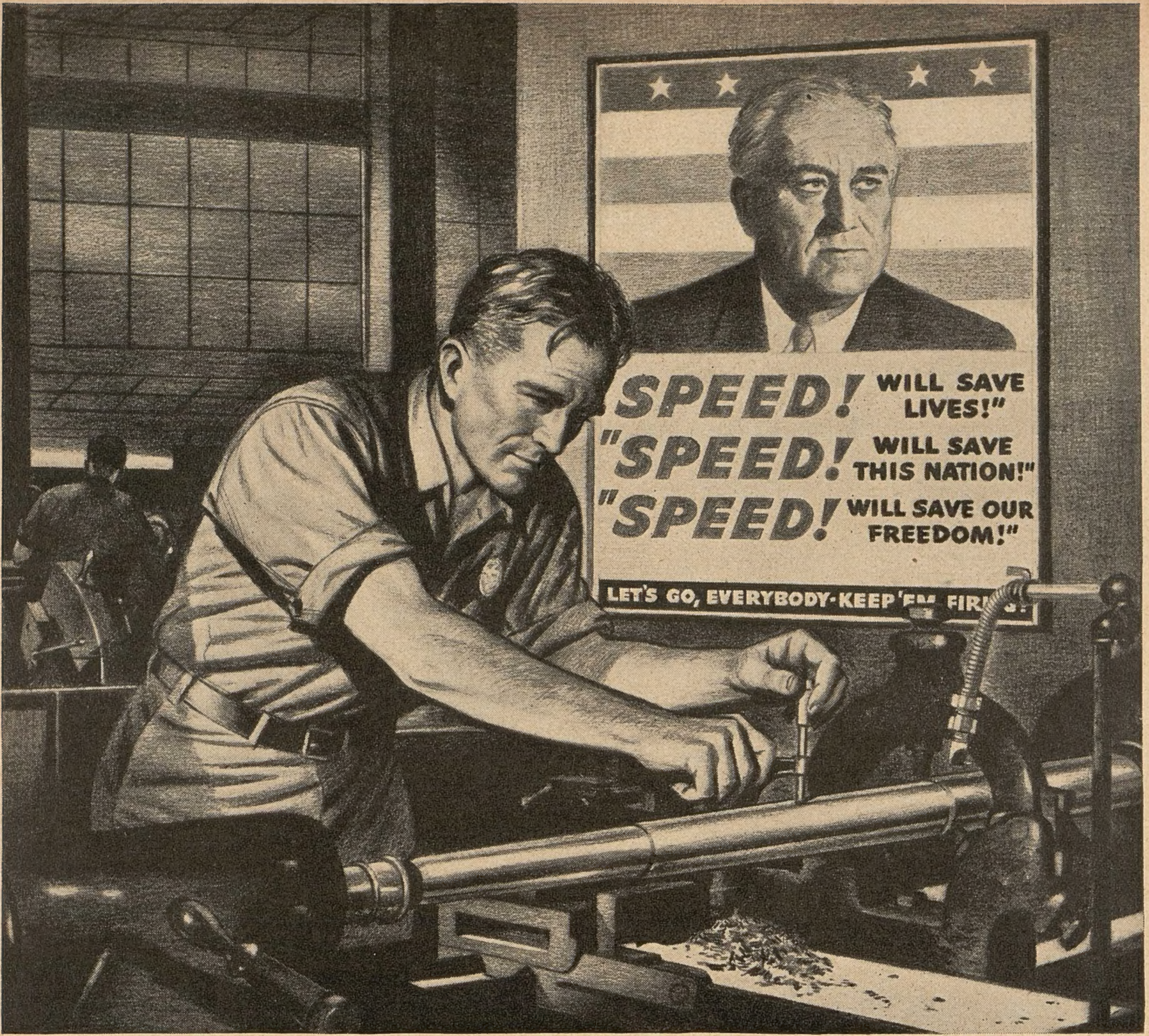
★ ★ ★

THESE are some of the things that Liberty will discuss in editorials to come. These things must be discussed without rancor, without controversy, but with full, affirmative leadership in recognizing facts and in facing facts.

It would be stupid in the extreme to try to help form a more perfect union and to insure domestic tranquillity *by adding controversy when controversy is already splitting us apart.* And to approach any of these subjects of management or labor or capitalism with any bootlicking sycophancy would smack of the smirk of a waiter toward the hope of a tip. This must be clean, straight thinking and straight analysis.

We, the People, are facing the greatest crisis not merely in our history but in the history of the entire human race, because ours happens to be the greatest civilization in the history of the entire human race.

ERNEST V. HEYN, EDITOR IN CHIEF · SHEPPARD BUTLER, EDITOR · ALFRED C. STRASSER, ART EDITOR
E PASQUIN, MANAGING EDITOR · OLIN H. CLARK, ASSOCIATE EDITOR · ALICE THOMPSON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR · BILL CUNNINGHAM, SPORTS EDITOR
WALTER KARIG, Washington • ROBERT LOW, War • MORRIS MARKEY, Current Events • GERALD MYGATT, Special Features • FREDERICK L. COLLINS, Special Features


"SPEED! WILL SAVE LIVES!"
"SPEED! WILL SAVE THIS NATION!"
"SPEED! WILL SAVE OUR FREEDOM!"
LET'S GO, EVERYBODY-KEEP'EM FIR

For Victory, Buy United States War Bonds!

"FIGHTING"... *Every Working Minute!*

"I FEEL as if I'd blasted a Jap right out of the sky, every time I finish my job on one of these cannon!" That's the way one Oldsmobile worker describes it, and that's the way all of them feel. They're *mad—fighting mad!* They want to do their part, and they're doing it with *work*—and it's work with real "fight" in it. They're working fast, and they're working well ... Shift after shift ... 24 hours a day ... 168 hours a week. Some of these men have been in arms production at Oldsmobile well over a year. Long enough so they frequently hear that their own cannon and shell—*their contributions to the war effort*—have been "dishing it out" to the Axis. And that makes them work faster still. No, America *can't* lose. Not when our great Armed Forces are backed up by workers like these.

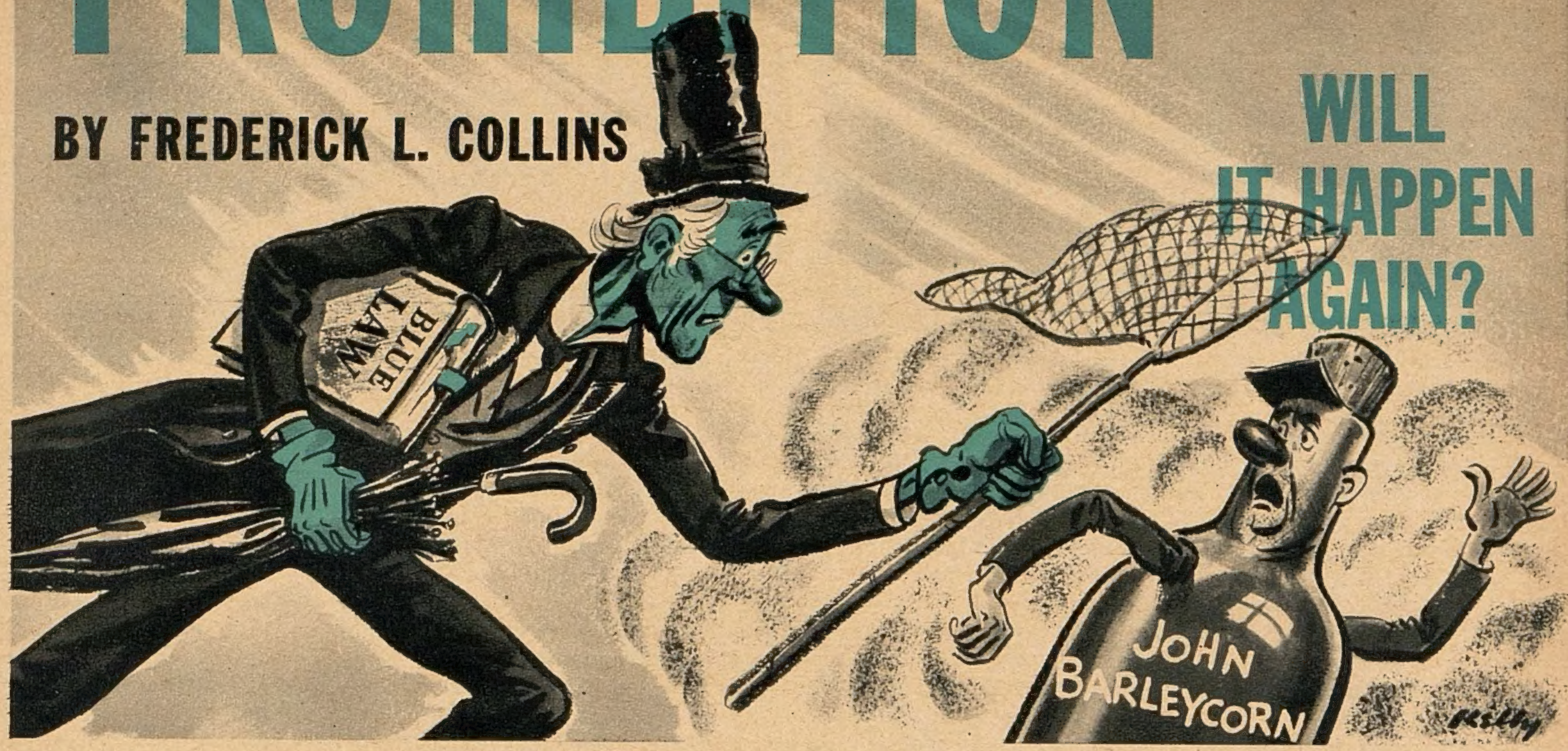
KEEP 'EM FIRING!

OLDSMOBILE *DIVISION OF* **GENERAL MOTORS**

★ *VOLUME PRODUCER OF "FIRE-POWER" FOR THE U. S. A.* ★

PROHIBITION—WILL IT HAPPEN AGAIN?

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS



A candid look at the facts of the matter today—and (lest we forget) at what we learned not so long ago

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WHEN the editors of Liberty first asked me to look into this Prohibition thing, I had to laugh. It seemed unbelievable that a nation which had suffered so much and so long and so recently from Volsteadism and its attendant evils of corruption and lawlessness could be seriously considering a return to those horrific days.

Less than nine years ago, after a trial which has been aptly described as the longest, fairest, and wettest in history, Prohibition and all it stood for were overwhelmingly rejected by an aroused and outraged electorate.

Fourteen years of police graft, political corruption, hijacking, gang wars, rackets, killings, poisoned liquor, unlimited drinking—women and children first!—and nation-wide crumbling of respect for laws and lawmakers had convinced all thinking people, or so I believed, that the idea of legislating total abstinence, no matter how noble in theory, was impossible in execution.

Al Capone, Legs Diamond, Owney Madden, Karpis, Floyd, Dillinger, the Barkers. Surely we must remember, all of us who were mature in the Drunken Twenties, the rise of the Gangster Empire. And how drunken they were, those Prohibition years! People drank who had never drunk before. I, myself, hadn't had a half dozen drinks of hard liquor in my life until the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment; during Prohibition I felt the day lost when I hadn't had one or more.

That's human nature, especially American human nature. We believe in freedom. We'll fight for it. We'll even drink for it. We did, in an all-out war on those who would impinge on our liberties. And what stuff! And at what prices! And in what quantities! The tide rose and rose—and Pussyfoot Johnson proved quite as ineffective as the late Canute in commanding it to recede.

All this I thought we remembered, understood. But I was never so wrong in my life. After several months of investigation in key cities, in regions surrounding military camps, in state capitals, and especially in Washington—where the main Volsteadian lobby flourishes as never before—I am convinced that Prohibition is already with us, and that presently, if we don't watch out, it will be *on* us.

In short, at a time when we are consecrating our all to a war for the four freedoms—freedom from fear, freedom from want, freedom of speech, and freedom of worship—a small but alert and amazingly well heeled minority is again planning to rob us of the greatest freedom of all, the freedom of choice.

And yet it would be less than just to say that many of those who would again do this terrible thing to us are not sincere, well meaning citizens, intent on doing their duty as they see it. That they see it the way they do, in view of all we now *know* of the horrors of Prohibition, would seem to indicate that they are the victims of self-deception or exploitation by others, or both.

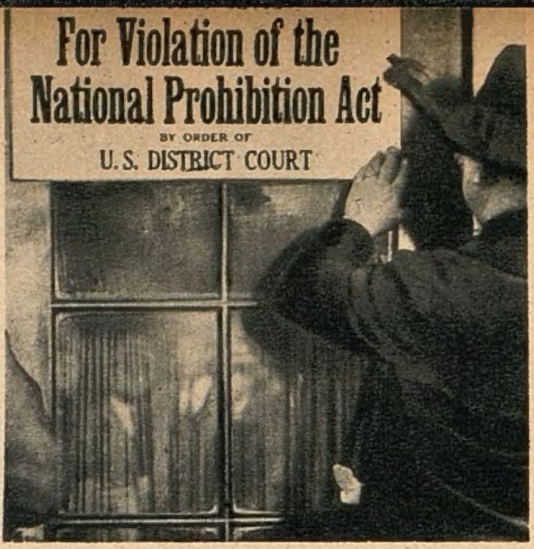
Let's explore the first possibility.

The most frequently voiced argument by which these sincere Prohibitionists swear is that Prohibition, even if it is not 100 per cent perfect, does decrease drinking. This has been the chief claim of the drys ever since Mrs. Carrie Nation of Medicine Lodge, Kansas, walked down the main street of the neighboring town of Kiowa in the year 1900 and committed the first of her historic hatchetings.

Incidentally, Mrs. Nation—although the fact has been long since forgotten

There were only about two choices: Go to a "speak" or make it yourself.

This is how patrons got admitted to snug speakeasies—remember it?



When a famous Broadway restaurant was padlocked for dry-law violation.

One of the "alky" plants which were in operation in the New York area.

Seized in New York harbor in this smuggled liquor—$25,00

by most of us—lived in a supposedly bone-dry state, and her fanatical hatred of liquor and her subsequent taking of the law into her hands were engendered not by the alleged evils of legalized liquor but by the even then manifest impossibility of enforcing the very Prohibition laws which she advocated and which her successors are advocating today!

Nevertheless, that old disproved argument that Prohibition decreases drinking has persisted from her time to ours. If true, it would, of course, command universal respect, but we of this generation know that it just isn't so. In New York City, before Prohibition, there had been 15,000 places where a man could get a drink. Shortly after Prohibition began there were 32,000. Before Prohibition ended there were more drinking places than there had previously been in all the state!

And not only were the opportunities for drinking immeasurably increased throughout the nation, but so were the numbers of those who drank. Women, of a class that would never have allowed themselves to be seen in the back rooms of beer saloons, crowded into speakeasies. So did children of high-school age. Everybody over fifteen could get a drink, and almost everybody did. Families that had never had liquor in their houses soaked themselves in home-brew and bathtub gin. And what Prohibition did to the average adult male's drinking habits, many of us know from sad experience.

THE other argument most often heard, especially from our pulpits—and another which would, if true, command the support of all men of good will—is that Prohibition improves both the physical and the moral health of the community.

The physical side of this argument, I take it, needs no elaborate refutation for the generation which was old enough to see and think—and drink—in 1930. Of that generation's condition today, one of its members has well said: "There aren't enough gall bladders among the survivors to go around."

Surely we remember, or we should, the hundred worthy citizens who died in supposedly dry Kansas of a dose of spiked Jamaica ginger, and the world-famous brothers, two of the richest men in the world, who died or went blind in a luxurious hotel in New York. No one was safe. It is a miracle that so many of us were spared.

So, even if Prohibitionists sincerely believe, as I am sure many of them do, that alcoholic beverages used even in moderation are bad for physical health—a point on which medical and scientific authorities definitely decline to agree—it should be clear to any thinking person that it is better to drink honestly made, legally authorized, government-inspected liquor than the bootleg stuff we got in the Twenties.

As for the moral health induced by the late "noble experiment," I am sure that most will agree that the subject merits no serious analysis. I refer, of course, not only to such easily recognized symptoms as children toting flasks into parked cars, and befuddled neighborhood parents becoming hopelessly confused as to whose wife was whose, but to the nation-wide loss of that respect for all laws without which there can be neither morality nor law.

DON'T we remember—how can we forget—that hideous era in which "police were corrupted by bootleggers and private citizens, criminal gangs warred in the streets for control of liquor rackets, when some dry agents, because of their crookedness, became as despised as the Gestapo in present-day Germany"? If we don't remember these things, and remember them with horror, we deserve to get what the professional Prohibitionists, backed by bootleggers and crooked politicians, have in store for us.

Other arguments sometimes advanced by sincere advocates of Prohibition are even less worthy of attention. For example, there is the oft-repeated statement that increased taxes on candy and soft drinks will offset the loss of revenue from taxes on alcoholic beverages. Aside from the proved fact that confirmed users of Scotch-and-soda do not turn automatically under Prohibition to lollipops and ginger beer, the claim is obviously absurd. The confectionery and soft-drink industry is an important one, and it pays, in Prohibition and out, its proper share of the national tax burden, but its contribution under any circumstances would not compare with the contribution of the liquor industry, which, although it represents less than 1 per cent of our total manufactures, pays one twelfth of our taxes—is, in fact, our number one taxpayer.

"The billion a year the Federal Government thus receives," estimates an authority, "is enough to buy fifteen aircraft carriers at $65,000,000 each, with three up-to-the-minute destroyers thrown in."

Which, of course, takes no account of the $350,000,000 a year paid by the makers and sellers of alcoholic beverages to state and local authorities to assist in the administration of justice and the maintenance of the public welfare. It doesn't take into account, either, the loss in income taxes from individuals engaged in the alcoholic beverage business during a Prohibition era, when they are necessarily replaced by criminals and gangsters, who, because of the criminal nature of their activities, pay no taxes at all.

The obvious impotence of these old-time Prohibition arguments would seem to be self-evident; and before Pearl Harbor I believe it was, at least to those who had lived as adults through 1919-33. It is inevitable, however, that even the puniest of these Prohibition contentions should take on spurious effectiveness during periods of national emergency, when many of us suffer from "war nerves," and all of us are anxious to do something drastic to help. Judgment is suspended, experience forgotten.

That is the phase in which we are now. That is the situation of which the professional dry is seeking to take advantage.

THE war also brings into play arguments which do not apply to peacetime. For example: most people know that alcohol is a vital ingredient of smokeless powder and that in peacetime the industrial alcohol used for this purpose is produced largely from molasses, the fermentable portion of which is sugar. So in wartime the drys argue that Prohibition would relieve the sugar shortage. The truth, of course, is that distillers have temporarily abandoned the use of molasses and have equipped themselves to produce alcohol from corn and other grains. In other words, Prohibition would not affect sugar shortage at all—unless, as drys claim, it should increase the demand for sugar candy!

Incidentally, if Prohibition had continued in force right up to the present war, and these plants for producing alcohol from grains had not been built, we should be in the same helpless

one as he looked in prohibition efore his sojourn in Alcatraz.

"Legs" Diamond in 1931, leaving the hospital to start for the Catskills.

Remember about John Dillinger? Here lies his corpse in a funeral parlor.

WE WANT
REPEAL
WE WAN
REPEA

G. O. P. "wets" rooting for repea at the 1932 national convention

condition now as to powder that we are in as to synthetic rubber, and the United States offensive would be indefinitely postponed. Explain this to a Prohibitionist, and he will come right back with the argument that it isn't the sugar shortage he is thinking about but the grain shortage. He will drag out figures to prove that the grain used in making alcoholic beverages would supply a loaf of bread a day to an army of 11,000,000 men.

This was the argument used in the last wartime, and it was a good argument then, because there *was* a grain shortage and we were trying to feed a starving world. The only markets closed to us were those of Germany and Austria-Hungary. Today we have a grain surplusage and will have one for the duration of the war, for the very simple reason that most of the markets of the world *are* closed to us and the farmer has no place to sell his excess goods. To him, as well as to the Ordnance Department—and, for that matter, to every taxpaying citizen—the continued existence of the alcoholic beverage industry is a lifesaving boon.

I COULD go on—but perhaps we have seen enough of the principal arguments urged by Prohibitionists to prove how lacking they are in foundation of fact.

That they are nevertheless dragged out year after year, voiced from the pulpit and the lecture platform, and repeated in loud-speaker volume whenever a national emergency gives unusual opportunities for rousing national hysteria, would seem to indicate that the really sincere Prohibitionists are not only the victims of unconscious self-deception but are skillfully exploited by professional propagandists who stand to profit by continuing the agitation. That precisely is the case.

Some of them, to be sure, seek chiefly to profit only emotionally or in the inflation of their *amour-propre*. Trying to keep somebody else from doing something he wants to do has always appealed to the crusading spirit. It satisfies in modern man the primitive instinct toward overbearing cruelty which ancient man gratified through "religious" massacres and tortures. It also affords unlimited opportunities "to gain notoriety for fuss-budgets," and caters to that taste for exhibitionism which is often the dominant trait of the bigot, the zealot, the fanatic, the snooper, and the hypocrite.

These profiteers in emotionalism and in notoriety are not especially dangerous except as they contribute, at a time like this, to an already lively tendency to hysteria. Their outgivings are chiefly of the hackneyed Ten Nights in a Barroom variety, in which every establishment where liquor is sold is depicted as a filthy pesthole and breeding place of sin.

THIS, too, was a valid argument once. No one knows better than the man in the liquor business that if the saloons of the pre-Prohibition era had been conducted as they should have been, the sentiment for Prohibition would never have gathered strength. But today, as any one who sincerely wishes to know the truth can ascertain, the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages is a self-policed industry. There are sore spots, of course. But the leaders of the liquor industry have seen their duty—which obviously coincides with enlightened self-interest—and their far-sighted efforts are meeting with notable success.

The United Brewers Industrial Foundation has made its slogan, "Clean Up or Close Up," an axiom in the trade. The Conference of Alcoholic Beverage Industries and the Distilled Spirits Institute have long conducted similar educational campaigns. And now a new group, founded to maintain the sale of alcoholic beverages on the highest possible standard, the Allied Liquor Industries, Inc., is actually organizing traveling squadrons of trained inspectors to co-operate with existing authorities in eliminating socially undesirable conditions, wherever found to exist, in the retail sale of liquor.

In other words, such intelligent steps have been taken to confound the old-time rabble-rousing Prohibition orator, that his continuing reiteration of long since refuted misstatements would have little effect if—along with all the other members of the Bring

(*Continued on page 60*)

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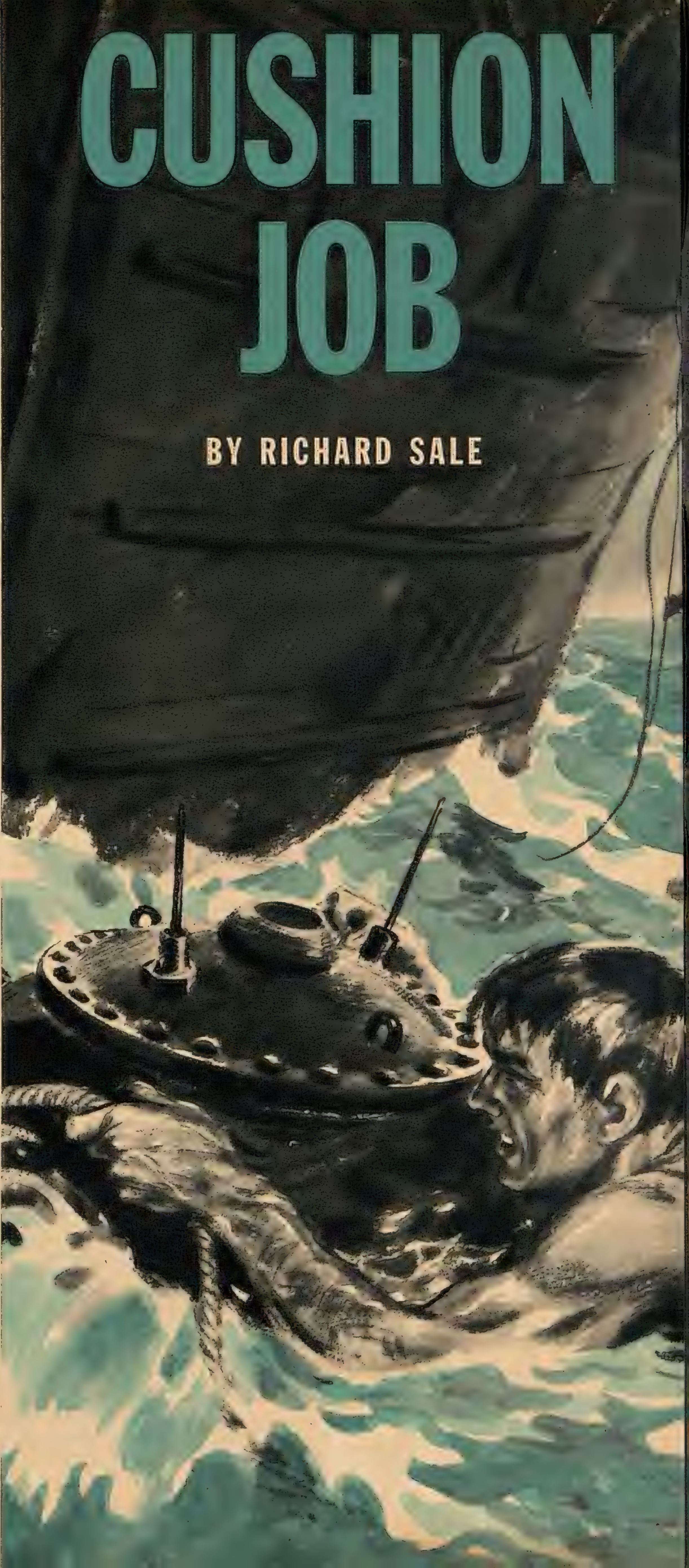
At left, top: Edward Page Gaston, American Director of the World Prohibition Federation. Below him are five senators he claims as supporters: "Cotton Ed" Smith of South Carolina and Charles W. Tobey of New Hampshire; Theodore G. Bilbo of Mississippi and W. Lee O'Daniel of Texas; and, at bottom, "Roaring Bob" Reynolds of North Carolina.

The story of Steve . . He suspected he was a heel —and then an adventure brought him a surprise

CUSHION JOB

BY RICHARD SALE



READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

LIEUTENANT STEVEN FERRIS, U. S. N. R., could hear the beat of the note in the radioman's headphones despite the fact that he was ten feet away from the receiver, in the radio shack of the U. S. S. Hawk. He knew the message was for them even before the radioman said, "This one is ours, sir."

It was a strong signal, and that meant it was local. The Commander, Eastern Sea Frontier, had a dirty job for the Hawk. You never got good news aboard a mine sweeper.

Yes, Steve thought, a mine sweeper. A dirty, ugly, dangerous, and unglamorous mine sweeper. And he was stuck on it. There was the last word on it right in his hand: the letter from his father in Washington, who refused to move a finger. He hadn't expected that his father would walk out on him, waving a flag.

"Shall I acknowledge, sir?" the radioman asked.

"Yes, Stark." It was not necessary to preserve radio silence while you were tied up to a New York pier. The radioman handed him the coded radiogram, and while Stark acknowledged its receipt with his own key Steve left the radio shack and retired to his quarters to decode.

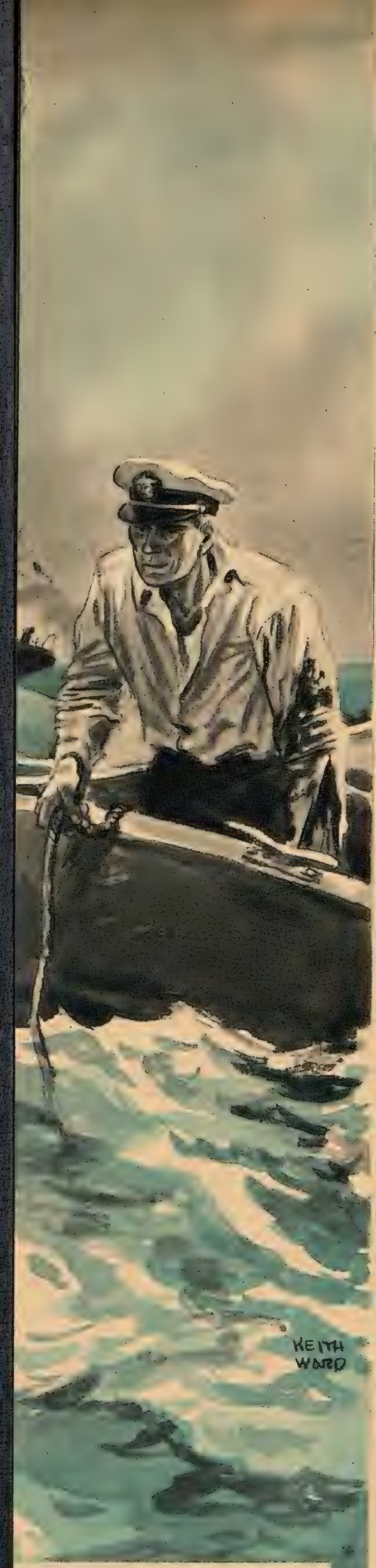
It was marked for Commander John Deming, skipper of the Hawk and also captain of the New York area mine-sweeping flotilla. It said: "K2 reports floating mine bearing one one nine Ambrose Lightship. Destroy same and make thorough sweep eastern approaches New York." It came from the Commander, Eastern Sea Frontier, all right. It meant that a unit of the blimp patrol, probably out of Lakehurst, had spotted a mine floating east-south-east of the lightship. And that in itself meant that the subs had been laying eggs over the area.

Wearily Steve folded his father's letter. He didn't know what to do now.

He went up to the skipper's quarters and delivered the radiogram. Commander John Deming was shaving in his sleeping cabin. He had a very tough beard, had cut himself, and was trying to edge the blade around the wound. He was a taut lithe man who didn't look more than two thirds his age. He was forty-two, his eyes and hair steely. "Hello, Ferris," he said. "Is it an Easter-egg hunt?"

"Yes, sir," Steve said, not amused. He stood by for the message he knew would be coming.

"Uh-huh," Deming said. "Blasted subs make more work than they're worth. Eastern approaches, eh? Ferris, it looks as if a convoy of empties is due to raise Ambrose Lightship anon, to pick up some of this material piling up on the docks." He wrote out a message. It went to the U. S. S. Tern,



side of the mine grated against the ship,
it had a sound of horror. It made him feel
He felt weary, terribly weary, and cold.

which was already offshore. "K2 reports floating mine bearing one one nine Ambrose. Destroy same and rendezvous Ambrose with flotilla. Ends. Deming, commanding."

"There we are," Deming said. "We're sailing at once. Telephone the Eagle and see if her engine repairs have been completed and if she is fit to go to sea."

"Aye, aye, sir," Steve said, and returned to the shack.

No, the Eagle wasn't ready for sea, the lucky hulk. By the time he had coded the message for transmission and had the radioman dispatch it, Commander Deming was on the bridge, giving orders. The warps were cast off, the telegraph jingled, and the screw revolved, imparting a tremor to the Hawk. Wearily she moved her muddy gray bulk into the Hudson while the signalman ran up on the halyards "Follow when fit" to the Eagle. Outriver, the mine sweeper came about and put her blunt bow down for the bay, her ensign unfurling in the stiff east wind.

Steve stood outside the radio shack and watched the city slip by. He had already warned the radioman that there would be no further transmissions; radio silence at sea was absolutely essential. The radioman would do nothing but monitor now.

New York looked cold and gray, though it was spring. Steve thought of a beautiful girl somewhere up one of those canyons on Park and Fiftieth. So near and yet so far away.

The wind was sharp. Outside it would have piled up short seas, and the Hawk was rolling her bilge out. Off the Hook the seas piled up quickly and nastily, short curling combers from an outgoing tide building up against an incoming wind. He would probably be seasick. Join the navy and see your pharmacist.

HE stepped inside the shack and sat down. Stark had the headphones on and was tuning the band. Steve tried to find his father's letter but couldn't. He knew it by heart anyhow. "Dear Son," it read: "I am very busy, so must be brief. My answer to your peculiar request is no. You know I never felt quite right about my exerting influence—at your request—to get you your naval commission in order to avoid the draft. Since that occurred in peacetime, it hasn't hung heavily on my conscience, I admit. But this is war, and the time for cushion jobs is past. I have, in spite of this, got you transferred to New York. This new idea of yours—that I use my influence with the senator to get you into Naval Intelligence in New York—is preposterous. It is obvious to me that Intelligence doesn't go to sea, and that you would be more available for the social rounds in the city, particularly a communion with Helen. In other words, despite the fact we are fighting for our lives, you earnestly desire me to aid you in becoming a night-club admiral."

Not a loophole, not an opening. Steve didn't like the tone of that letter. Let the patriots go to sea; they wanted to. They wanted D. S. O.s and Navy Crosses, and that was the only way you won them.

He remembered Lieutenant Commander Wilkes with quiet venom. That son of a two-and-a-half-striper had done it, pulled the fast one. He'd been dying to pull it for a long time. "Steve, the Ferris family is not without great influence in the nation, and so I am ordered to transfer you to New York. . . . Unfortunately, the billets in Intelligence are full, but would you object to a little harbor patrol work, my boy? The nasty navy won't take you much out beyond Ambrose and you can always get back to Fefe's in time for a supper dance with your best girl, which is what seems dear to you fervent reservists."

"Why, thank you, sir; it sounds charming."

"Happy to accommodate you. Report immediately to New York, the U. S. S. Hawk, Commander John Deming, Pier 12, and give my best regards to all the headwaiters."

"Thank you, sir, and a postal now and then?"

"If you find the time. That will do, lieutenant."

WILKES had been too damned pleased that day. Steve knew he should have smelled a rat. He should have known at once, from the fact that his assigned ship was named after a bird, that Wilkes had shipped him on a mine sweeper. As for the headwaiters and the supper clubs and Helen, two months had passed. He hadn't even found time to drop Wilkes a nasty postal. . . .

Past the Narrows, the skipper ordered the paravanes put out. The crew, at the bow, let out the winch which controlled the paravanes. These were torpedo-shaped instruments, one of which floated on either side of the ship at a predetermined depth. Each paravane was attached to the bow of the ship, under the surface, by heavy wire towline. Their operation was absurdly simple. The wire from the bow to the paravane swept through the water at a certain depth, encountered a mine, jockeyed the mine (on its own mooring cable) until it reached the paravane, where a cutting jaw severed the mine's cable. The mine then rose at once to the surface, where it could be disposed of with rifle fire.

With his coat wrapped around him tightly to shut out the sharp wind, Steve watched off to port, always fascinated by the possibility that a mine might suddenly pop to the surface. He had never seen one located in Ambrose Channel, despite the fact that it was such an obvious place for a Nazi sub to get daring. Indeed, until Commander Deming had told him how it was almost impossible for a sub to get into Upper Bay undetected, he had often thought what a wonderful feat it would be to sow mines right in the harbor where a massacre of ships could take place.

"No, Ferris," said Deming evenly.

(*Continued on page 47*)

ILLUSTRATED BY KEITH WARD

AMERICA'S FIFT

Mussolini orating, the people listening—before they lost faith in him.

"If we lose the war," says Italy, "we'll just be losers—If we win, we are lost." An ace correspondent gives you behind-the-scenes facts

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE shrill voice of the elegantly dressed woman reverberated from the rear of the smart dress shop in the Via Condotti in Rome. I had gone there to pick up a package for my wife, but the words I heard drove that mission out of my mind.

The woman was blazing with anger, sneering with contempt. Since I had been covering the news from Rome for two years I recognized her at once. She was the svelte, Wagnerian-type Princess von Bismarck, wife of the chargé d'affaires of the German Embassy.

Actually, she was somewhat of a minor, if aggressive, figure in the diplomatic colony, but what she was saying was of major significance.

"You Italians!" she screeched. "You no-good Italians! Cowards! Pigs! The Austrians lost the last war. Now *you* will lose this one for us!"

That episode synthesizes the relations between the Italians and Germans—utter scorn on one side and submissiveness, at the moment, on the other.

Moreover, the Nazi princess, I'm convinced, spoke the truth. The Italian people are going to be one of the principal reasons why the Nazis are going to lose this war. They may prove to be the decisive factor. Italy may be the chink in the Axis armor wall around Europe through which will, one day, flow and flood the forces of the United Nations to conquer and crush Germany on her own soil.

The Italian people today are no better off than any of the other peoples in the countries Hitler has occupied.

To their everlasting shame, they have not the honor of offering even open resistance against conquest. Moreover, in the eyes of the free

Prisoners—and glad of it: Italians whom the British captured at Tobruk.

OLUMN IN EUROPE BY CECIL BROWN

These are representative working-class Italians, typical of a people who in peacetime were happy and were friendly to most foreigners. Now, after two grim years of the war they never wanted, they realize their Duce has sold them out. And how they detest "those Germans!"

world they are Hitler's allies; their leader, a partner of Hitler in crime. They, too, represent the gangster forces of aggression. They, too, are treacherous stabbers in the back.

In reality, they are worse off than most of the conquered peoples. They have been conquered by stealth by an ally. They went into a war they expected to be over in three months. They entered the war—and I stood in Piazza Venezia on June 10, 1940, when Mussolini from his balcony sent his country into disaster—hating their German ally much worse than they hated the French and British. Now, slaves under the swastika, sneered at and scorned by their masters, the blond and arrogant Nazi overlords, their disillusionment is as great if not greater than that of any of the militarily or politically conquered peoples.

When I left Italy—at the invitation of the Fascist government, for my "continued hostile attitude toward Fascism"—an elderly, wrinkled, work-worn Italian woman with a son in Libya came to see me. I won't detail the circumstances because she might be traced by the OVRA, the Italian secret police, or more probably by the Gestapo. She took hold of my arm, and her bony fingers dug into the flesh. There was inexpressible sadness in her eyes.

"Signor," she said, "you are going away now. I tell you that every good Italian prays for a British victory."

That remark I had heard before. Every time it both amazed and gladdened me. A people so debased they were praying for the official enemy in order to get rid of two internal enemies—Fascism and the Germans!

I was in Singapore, not in Rome, when the United States and Italy went to war. But every day in Rome I encountered the abject fear and the desperate hope that America and Italy would not go to war. Scores of Italians, with desperate pleading in their eyes, asked me:

"It is not true that America might come into the war?"

I always said I thought we would, eventually, and their invariable reply was: "No! No! That cannot be! We cannot fight Americans! You are too rich and powerful, and we are weak and poor. If America enters the war, we are finished."

The entrance of the United States into this war sank Italian morale to its lowest level. It also instilled in tens of thousands of Italian hearts the conviction that the spectacle of Italians and Americans lunging for each other's blood could not be sustained.

America's entrance, I'm convinced, spelled the doom of Mussolini and the Fascism which sold out the Italian people.

Fifth columns—and sixth columns—have been operating in Italy from the day Italy went to war. Now Italy is becoming a nation of fifth and sixth columnists. Some of them are recruited from among men who find themselves, in their own land, treated like cattle. Tens of thousands of such

Italians are being shipped like so much cow flesh to Germany every month.

They are the men Berlin propaganda spokesmen speak of as "voluntary labor battalions sent us by our Axis ally, Italy." In reality, they are the slaves Mussolini offers up in obedience to Hitler's insatiable demands for more and more man power to keep his machines of death grinding out weapons of destruction. These Italians—more than a half million already have worked in Germany—are sent into Nazi Germany because Hitler so orders.

They are torn from their families in their own land. They have neither the tattered dignity of being in a uniform—and the happy chance to get captured by the enemy—nor the solace that might come if they even partially believed in the so-called New Order that the Brute of Berchtesgaden has planned for the universe.

The cleaning woman in our apartment in the Via di Villa Emiliani put it most aptly when late one afternoon I found her, red-eyed and sobbing without tears, while I was rounding up a scheduled news show for the audience of Columbia Broadcasting System in America.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Mio marito, he's gone," she said.

I knew her husband to be suffering too badly from heart disease to have been called for the army. The gaunt and gnarled woman distorted her face into murderous hate.

"Hitler," she said. *"Diavolo! Porco! Maniaco!"* And then she spat on the floor she had just cleaned and said only *"Tedeschi!"* I thought she would vomit.

Her facial expressions cannot be translated. Her words were: "Hitler, that devil, pig, maniac! Those Germans!"

THAT Italian wife's hate was as vivid and all-consuming as the hate I found expressed in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, by a woman I'd known since I was a child. She came to me when I visited that town a few weeks ago and she said: "Have you seen a Nazi soldier? They're evil men, aren't they? They are no good and must be killed and wiped from the earth so that they can't do what they are doing any more."

That woman's husband had fought in France in the last war; her son had been drafted last Thanksgiving and she had just heard he was with our forces in England. I am convinced that, if confronted by a Nazi today, she would lunge at him and tear him limb from limb if she could. She hated everything the Nazis stand for.

The Italian charwoman had seen Nazis, saw them every day. She had the same fervent hate, but she couldn't jump at one of them and vent it physically. Had she tried, she would have been knocked down, her head bashed in, and she would have been carted off to the grim Regina Coeli prison.

Hitler sees to it that Mussolini smiles as he shakes hands with Nazi General von Epp.

In her, the seething hatred remained bottled up, as it remained undemonstrated by her weak husband who was sent into Germany to work at his trade, carpentering. He remembered the Germans from the last war, hated them as millions of Italians hate them, the *tedeschi* who killed 600,000 Italians a brief quarter of a century ago.

Almost every Italian living today lost a relative to German weapons in the last war. All Fascist propaganda, all Il Duce's persuasiveness have not succeeded in wiping that bitter memory from the minds of the Italians.

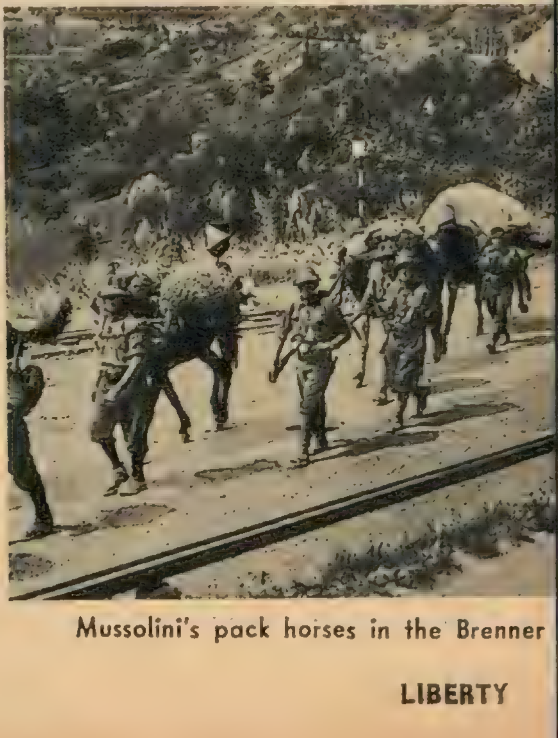
Tens of thousands of hate-filled Italians, constantly being shipped from Italy into Germany as slave labor, can make up the fifth column for America within the Third Reich—and within Italy itself when they are returned after being used by the Nazis.

I have spoken with many of the Italian men who have come back from their tour of forced labor in Germany. Some wouldn't talk. But some did:

"It is not that we are really slaves. We get paid reasonably well, and there is sufficient food given to us. We work hard, so we must have food or we couldn't work. But it is the slavery of our spirit."

These Italians weren't articulate, but I gathered from them that what

Italian laborers in a Berlin street.



Mussolini's pack horses in the Brenner

they resent most of all is this—the Nazi contempt for the Italians.

The Italian has a fiery pride and, besides, the Italian people suffer from an inferiority complex. I was discussing this one night at E. I. A. R., the Italian radio system, with an Italian announcer who had been in England for many years and was now breathing hate for Britain through the microphones. He complained that the Americans and British had not given the Italians in their countries good treatment. I disputed the point, and said we respected Italians in America and gave them the same opportunities open to native-born Americans.

He said, "Well, perhaps so, but you don't love us."

"Oh, you want to be loved."

"Yes," he said. "That is what we are entitled to."

From the Germans the Italians get no opportunity, no respect, no love.

MUSSOLINI had an unexpected—and disastrous—success with the Italians. He wanted to instill in them the capacity to hate. That ability doesn't come readily to the Italian people. He wanted to make them Germanic in discipline, to stick a Prussian ramrod down their backs. He failed in that. With every weapon at his command, he wanted to teach them to hate the "demo-plutocracies" and, specifically, the French, British, and Americans.

Mussolini succeeded in teaching them to hate. But, for his purposes, that hate sluiced down the wrong channels. Now they hate first the Germans and secondly the Fascism that let the Germans in to take over.

Walking down streets in Rome, and in Milan and Turin, I've seen Italians pass a group of German officers and turn on them an expression of murderous hate that made chills run up and down my back. In one sense, that's fantastic. Because these Germans were part of a huge army that came into Italy to save the Italians from defeat. These Germans were "saviors" rushing pell-mell and in droves to help the Italians halt the incredibly victorious Greeks in Albania, and to help the Italians in Libya after Marshal Graziani's disastrous retreat.

Back from Spain: victorious Italians in Naples.

To the Italians, the Nazis were not "saviors" but invaders, robbers, conquerors. I heard scores of Italians say of their sons, brothers, sweethearts, and cousins when the British wrecked and captured Graziani's army in the desert: *"Grazia a Dio,* he may be a prisoner now and out of the war."

As to the invasion of Greece, the Italian people saw it as the rest of the world saw it—for the first time in remembered history a large nation invaded a small one and was in turn invaded by the small one.

Hate is a multibarreled thing in the Italian people. It is turned not only against Hitler, his Gestapo (which controls police affairs in Italy), his Nazis, and his vaunted New Order in Europe, but also against Mussolini, the Fascist hierarchy, and Fascism itself.

The Italian people hate this war and from the first day they have called it purely a "war of the Fascist Party." Less than 4,000,000 of the 45,000,000 Italians are members of the Fascist Party. But millions of Italians wear a Fascist Party emblem on their lapels for "protection." Behind many of those buttons are active anti-Fascist members of the underground movement against Mussolini and Hitler.

Within Italy it is easy to understand the traditional hate of the Italian for the German. The Kaiser was their enemy, the Germans were their foes. It was mockery to the Italians in 1937, 1938, 1939—when the Axis was being forged—to ask them to forget all that and look upon the Germans as friends and allies.

They are the slaves Mussolini offers up.

Day after day the Fascist newspapers twisted history and sandpapered the German character. Sometimes the appeals were blatant and pitiful: "The Germans are good and kind people," and "We should love the Germans," and "German culture complements Italian culture," and coy accounts of Germans learning to speak Italian.

This last is an effort on the part of a foreigner which ordinarily makes the Italian very proud. It was strange how many Italians said to me: "Those Germans have their own language. We don't want them to learn to speak Italian. That's our language."

An Italian never laughs at the accent of a foreigner, or his misuse of words. It is a fundamental of his nature to be happy that a foreigner has troubled to study Italian. For the Germans, the Italians changed a basic trait—and they resented Germans speaking Italian.

In the last war the Italians broke with the Triple Alliance—Italy, Germany, and Austria—and went over to the British and American side. They had entered the Triple Alliance for motives of gain. British and Italian interests have always been complementary, however. Both countries need the Mediterranean routes. In 1916, under the Treaty of London, which promised Italy many revindications, Italy renounced the Germans for the Allies. Opportunism dictated that move by the government, and the sentiment of the people demanded it.

To the Italians, these Nazis were robbers.

The Italian people accepted Mussolini in 1922 and the domestic Fascism which Il Duce told them was not for export because they wanted their four freedoms as a Great Power. They saw in Mussolini something of a chance to achieve those freedoms in a poor, starving, turbulent, confused postwar Italy. Besides, Mussolini and his *squadristi*—the clubbing, castor-oil, strong-arm boys—had the guns.

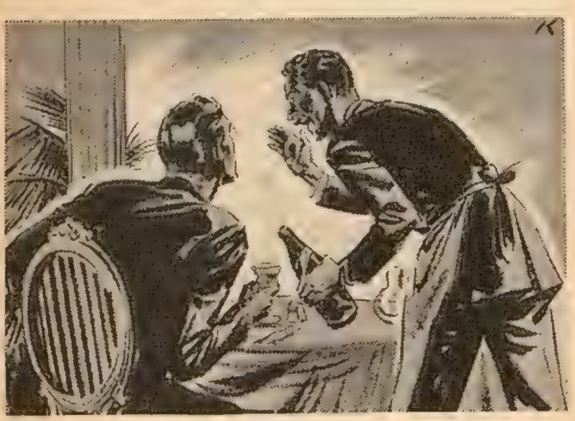
Many Italians were with Mussolini and not against him because the Corporate State—Fascism—was to them not a world menace but a national promise, a chart for a happier future for each Benedetto, Pietro, and Tomaso. In 1933 they were very proud of their Mussolini. Libya was being developed, the lot of workers improved; public works construction was going on all over the country. Why, said the Italians, even the Pontine Marshes near Rome, that strong men for centuries had been trying to drain, had been drained by Il Duce.

Moreover, the Italian pride of nation was burgeoning forth, reborn. Even a fellow by the name of Hitler in Germany had translated the title *Il Duce* into German and called himself *Der Führer.*

(During the war I often heard the newsboys in Rome's Piazza San Sylvestro after a speech by Hitler screaming their wares: *"Der Phooe[illegible] parla!"*—the Führer speaks—grinning like monkeys, and saw people standing around smiling only with their eyes at the daring of the youngsters.)

The Italians, in those early days of Hitlerism, were pleased to hear the story that Hitler, Germany's Duce, kept a picture of Mussolini on his desk as an inspiration. *"Si, signor,"* said the Italians in 1933, "our Duce is a great fellow. Even those detestable Germans have come to us to learn what sort of leader to pick." They were inflating their national ego, trying to conquer their sense of inferiority, trying to hold up their heads before the world.

When Mussolini told them that, with his counterpart and tabloid-size edition, Hitler, placed in power in Germany, Europe would be turned into a Fascist continent in ten years, they began to get dreams of expansion. And they cheered. The days of Rome's greatness would return. Mussolini would be the leader of Europe, and the Italian people of the twentieth century would be, under him, the stalwarts of the Romans under Caesar.


I often found out secrets from a waiter.

When the Nazis killed Chancellor Dollfuss in Vienna, and Mussolini sent Italian troops to the Brenner, the Fascist press screamed its hate of the Germans: "barbarians . . . Huns . . . murderers." Every story out of Germany—and in those days the Italian newspapers printed everything nasty about Germany—reminded the Italians how deep-seated was their hate of Germany and all things German.

They were aghast at the Nazi attitude toward the Roman Catholic Church. An Axis might, they said, be in the process of being forged, but Mussolini had not exactly aimed at putting the fasces symbol up in place of the Cross. (As a matter of fact, Mussolini wanted not to replace the Church but to control it completely, but the Italians were only slowly becoming aware of that.)

The Germans, the hated Germans, made no bones about replacing the Cross with the swastika and replacing Roman law with Nazi Kultur.

Violent Nazi anti-Semitism found no favor among the Italians, who knew that Jews like Baron Sonnino, Signor Jung, Signor Nathan, General Ottolenghi, and Luigi Luzzati had given good service to Italy. Nazi creeds of racial superiority brought derision from the Italians; so when Mussolini in 1938 came up with a similar notion of Italian racial superiority, they were bewildered and amazed. Mussolini's anti-Jewish campaign—foisted on him by Hitler—left them coldly indifferent.

Even the Italians could not stomach the fantastic racial notions that were published by Telesio Interlandi in his scurrilous Rome paper, Il Tevere. Interlandi's magazine on racial superiority, Razza, could not even be given away after the first few issues.

The Italians today, two years after they joined in a war against the democracies who offer the four freedoms and the way of life they themselves want, find Mussolini truly what the President of the United States and Prime Minister Winston Churchill have called him—a jackal and craven man, a minor Gauleiter who has not even the confidence or respect of the Brute of Berchtesgaden.

They know they were sold out by Mussolini. They have had one bitter disillusion piled on another "Ethiopia?" they said to me. "What did we get out of that? Fifty-two nations against us. Yes, we defied them, but what for? There is no richness there."

I was in Rome when the Italians were being chased out of Ethiopia—the beginning of the end of the Italian Empire that Mussolini had tried to convince them they should dream about, to win it by "living like lions." Italian mothers sent their sons to die in Spain, convinced by Italian propaganda that they were fighting Communism. What happened to that notion is typical. When Germany and Russia signed their pact on August 24, 1939, all the Italian papers suddenly appeared with page one editorials. Did Italian boys die in Spain to fight Communism? By no means. As Virginio Gayda, Mussolini's mouthpiece, expressed it, "We fought in Spain against those demo-plutocracies, France and England."

Long ago the Italian people lost all confidence in anything appearing in their newspapers. When Italy entered the war, they depended for news of the war on the Vatican newspaper, the Osservatore Romano, until Fascist toughs, directed by Roberto Farinacci, editor of the Cremona Il Regime Fascista, and the number two German stooge in Italy, burned copies of the Osservatore and maltreated any one attempting to buy a copy. A few days later the Osservatore ceased printing war or political news.

ONE of the cute trick of Italians is to boycott a newspaper suddenly for a day. For instance, one Friday the Milan Corriere Della Sera, before Mussolini the best and most courageous Italian newspaper, was given that treatment; 200,000 copies went unsold. Without hint or warning the people voice protests by withholding their thirty *centesimi* for a paper. In towns and cities all over the country such boycotts are put into operation so smoothly by the grapevine system. Some people read the Fascist papers only out of curiosity. Many others never read them.

One day I was in our apartment writing a broadcast. Scattered on the floor were the fourteen Italian newspapers I read every day. A locksmith came in to fix the lock on the door, and he asked if he could see one. "I haven't read a newspaper for five years," he said. I handed him one. He glanced at it—and handed it back.

"I just wanted to see the story about Ciano [the Italian Foreign Minister] being assassinated. But of course they didn't print it," he snorted.

"What?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, yes. Every one's talking about it on the other side of the Tiber. I just wanted to read the news story on it."

That was typical of the Italian reliance on the grapevine for news (false, that time) and the indifference of the Italians to the fate of a top-ranker in the Fascist hierarchy.

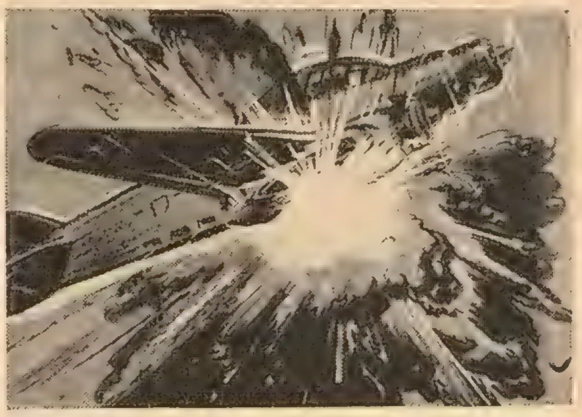
The Italian grapevine system is as effective as any in the world, and so people don't need newspapers. So widespread is bitterness and war-weariness that Cabinet ministers, responsible heads in the army, air, and marine ministries spread secret information with utter abandon.

I often found out important military information from casual conversation with a *portiere* or a waiter in a restaurant. This was long before the news was officially announced. One day, riding on a bus in Rome, I heard two *carabinieri*—the tricorn-hatted mobile police—talking in rather loud voices.

"Is it true," one asked, "that we lost three destroyers today?"

"Yes. All three were sunk."

They *had* gone to the bottom that very day, and only a few hours before. The high command officially announced the loss of three destroyers eight days later.


"Did you hear we lost fourteen aircraft?"

Italians take a masochistic pleasure in spreading bad news. It is evidence of their hopes for the victory of the enemy. There is something fantastic in the people of a country coming to you and, with pleasure in their eyes and eagerness in their voices, saying: "Did you hear that we were driven back nine miles in Albania and lost fourteen aircraft today?"

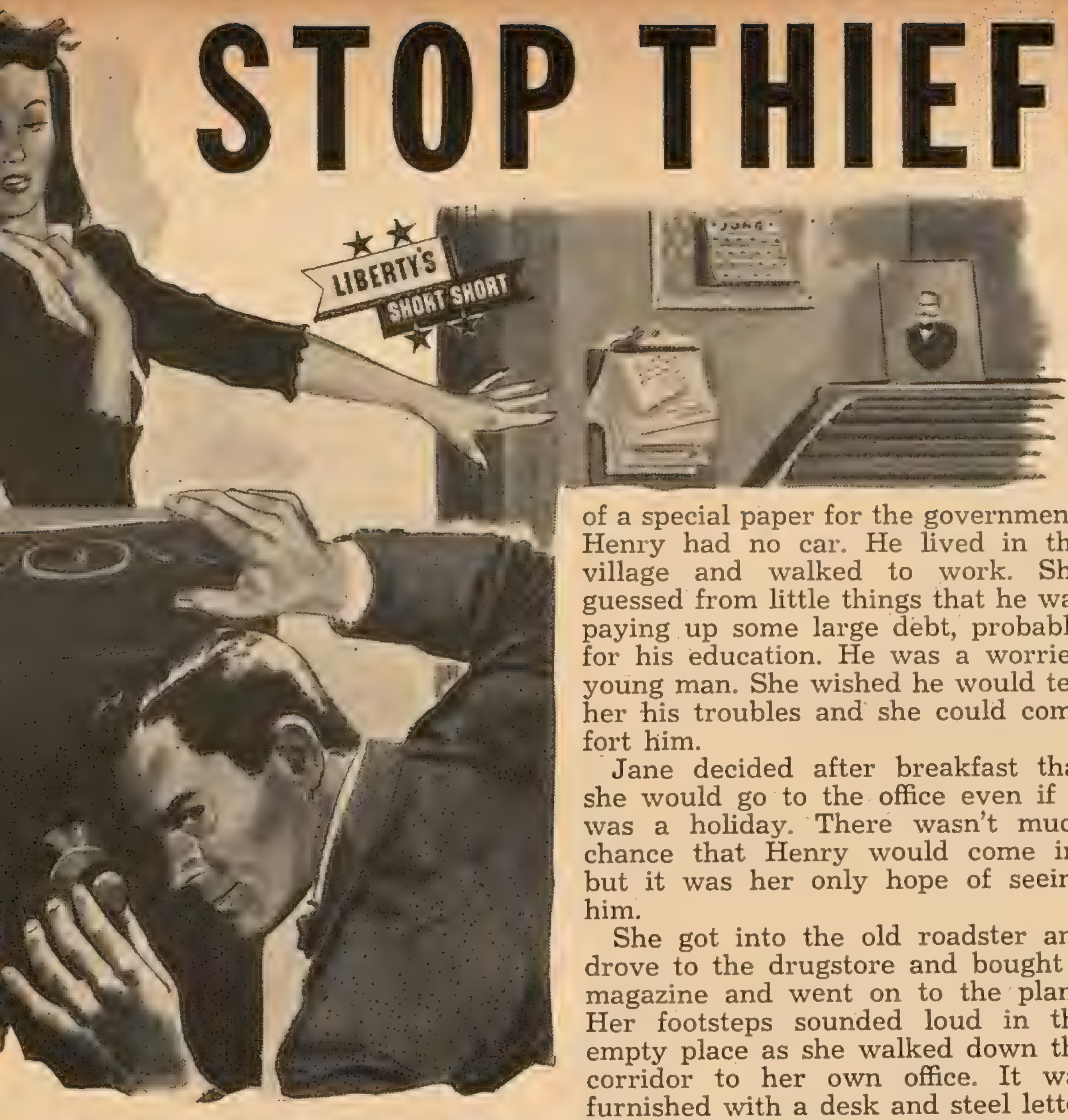
On June 10, 1940, two hours after Mussolini made his dull, uncheered speech in the Piazza Venezia to a crowd of 25,000 forced by the Questura and the Black Shirts to attend, I went on the air and told the American people what had happened. There was such confusion, such heartache among the censors at the Ministero Cultura Popolara, that Fascist censorship slipped and I was able to say in the first of the three broadcasts I gave that night:

"Mussolini tonight took the Italian people into war. The Italian people did not want this war." That speech of Il Duce marked the beginning of the end of Fascism and Mussolini.

Mr. Brown's eyewitness report on the betrayed Italian people as America's fifth column in Europe will be concluded in Liberty next week.

STOP THIEF!

BY LUCIAN CARY



READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

JANE awoke and saw the sun shining into her room and knew that July Fourth was perfect and remembered her problem.

His name was Henry Blake and he had come two months ago to be superintendent of the plant at Brent Falls. She saw him every day at the office and at last she had got him to the point of calling her by her first name. He was tall, awkward, smoked a pipe, and wore old tweed suits that had never been pressed. When he talked to Jane he looked like a flustered young college professor addressing his first class.

She knew that he liked her a lot. But the better he liked her the more flustered he got.

Jane found excuses for him as she dressed. There was no place for a man to take a girl in Brent Falls. Mr. Morgan, the owner of the paper mill, had admitted that when he had offered her the job of being his secretary six months ago. That was why he paid her twice as much money as she had ever earned before—on condition that she stay a full year. He'd had several secretaries in succession who couldn't stand the loneliness of a village way up near the Canadian border where there was no one under fifty years old except the mill hands.

Jane had found a comfortable place to live three miles from the village. She drove back and forth to the plant in an old four-cylinder roadster.

Henry was a chemical engineer whose job was to supervise the making of a special paper for the government. Henry had no car. He lived in the village and walked to work. She guessed from little things that he was paying up some large debt, probably for his education. He was a worried young man. She wished he would tell her his troubles and she could comfort him.

Jane decided after breakfast that she would go to the office even if it was a holiday. There wasn't much chance that Henry would come in; but it was her only hope of seeing him.

She got into the old roadster and drove to the drugstore and bought a magazine and went on to the plant. Her footsteps sounded loud in the empty place as she walked down the corridor to her own office. It was furnished with a desk and steel letter files and an old-fashioned safe and a check-writing machine. There was no comfortable place to sit and read.

She went on to Mr. Morgan's office, where there was a big leather armchair and a table with an ash tray. She lit a cigarette and started to read her magazine.

She was startled to hear some one opening the outside door. It was Henry, of course. No one else had a key except Mr. Morgan, and he was in Toronto. Besides, she knew Henry's step as he came down the corridor. He stopped midway. She listened, hoping he would come on down and find her in Mr. Morgan's office. But she heard no sound at all. She couldn't imagine what he was doing.

She peeked around the doorframe. She could see into his office and into hers through the glass panels, three or four feet above the floor. But she couldn't see Henry. She took three steps on tiptoe down the corridor, and knew why she hadn't seen him at first.

Henry was kneeling in front of the safe, turning the knob. There was a suitcase beside him.

Jane slipped back into Mr. Morgan's office, her breath coming quickly and her heart beating fast. She didn't know what to do. She couldn't bear to think what she had to think. She heard Henry's steps going down the corridor, heard him open the outside door. She jumped to the window. Henry was walking fast, almost running, toward the railway station. The town was at the end of a little branch line. There was only one train a day that ran from Brent Falls to the junction, forty miles away, in time to meet the Montreal to New York express.

Jane looked at her watch. It was five minutes of ten. The train left at 10.03. Henry was catching it.

Then she thought herself a fool. Maybe his mother was dying, or something, and he had to get cash quickly. He'd probably taken a few dollars and left a check for it. She ran down the corridor and opened the safe. The cash drawer was empty. There had been almost a thousand dollars. It was all gone! There was no check for it.

Jane grabbed her hat and her jacket. She heard the train puffing out of the station as she reached the street. She ran for her roadster. It took her a little more than forty minutes to drive the forty miles to the junction. She parked her car beside the station platform and got out. The shuttle train was just slowing to a stop. Henry got off.

"Henry!" she said.

His face went white.

"Henry," she said, "you mustn't! You aren't the kind of man that could."

"W-w-what?" he stammered.

"Henry, please," she said. "I've got almost as much money in the bank as you took from the safe. If you need it so desperately, I'll lend it to you."

He stared at her in astonishment. The express was rolling in from the north. "Just a minute," he said, and ran for the train.

THE Pullman porter was on the platform. And then Mr. Morgan came down the steps. Henry handed the porter the suitcase, and reached into his pocket. He brought out a big roll of bills and handed it to Mr. Morgan.

The long train moved, gathering speed. Henry was coming back to her with long strides. His face was set. There was something fierce about it. But Jane stood her ground. She even managed to hold her voice steady.

"I'm sorry. Even when I saw you take the money and run for the train, I ought to have known better than to think you were—" She stopped. "I would have known better, only you'd been looking so worried and—" It was no use trying to hold back the tears.

"I—I was worried," Henry said. The fierceness was still in his face but there wasn't any of it in his voice. "I've been worried almost sick over what would happen if I—if I got up my nerve to—"

His arm was around her. It tightened.

"To do this," Henry said.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

IT WASN'T LIKE THIS IN THE OLD DAYS

BY
WILL IRWIN

THIS IS AMERICA

THEN: A recreation hut in France.

Those Salvation Army doughnuts!

Elsie Janis, darling of the A. E. F.

Jack Roche in a camp show abroad.

Camp shows of yesteryear! A war reporter of '17 finds a big improvement in 1942

READING TIME ● 2 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

BACK in World War I, when the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, and the Salvation Army assumed the job of taking care of the soldiers' recreation, both here and abroad, a large element in the churches regarded the theater as sinful. Such people were heavy contributors to these organizations and so, at first, lectures, concerts, and silent movies comprised the whole entertainment program. "Pretty flat," said the boys, especially those who were finishing their training in France. "What we're hungry for is real shows —especially girl shows."

Raymond Fosdick, who was supervising this work, finally convinced the

NOW: Boys at a camp in the United States enjoy a USO show.

Judy Garland, on a camp tour, becomes an M. P. at Fort Custer.

Phyllis Brooks and Jackie Cooper sight-see during a USO tour.

Actress Tallulah Bankhead takes time out to give autographs.

theater-haters that the souls of American soldiers would not be imperiled if entertainers were enlisted and put in Y. M. C. A. uniforms. He rounded up such topnotchers as Elsie Janis and Fred Stone. Other actors, including whole girl choruses from musical comedies, enlisted by hundreds. In the home camps they put on individual turns. But as soon as they got to France, they began to rehearse real shows and to produce them in the rest camps and even in big dugouts at the actual front. They made the expected hit.

The entertainers did a good job; no one who saw that war doubts that they contributed to victory. And no one doubts that morale-building through entertainment will contribute to victory in the present war as well.

This is a total war on a scale such as we never dreamed of in 1917; even in sentimental matters we can't afford inefficiency and waste. And so, quite sensibly, when we began to draft and train our new army, we broke down fences between faiths. Voluntarily the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Catholic Community Service, the Jewish Welfare Board, the Salvation Army, and the Travelers Aid pooled the part of their work dealing with morale, entertainment, creature comfort, and common kindness, called themselves the United Service Organizations, and formed a comprehensive plan that could be expanded to any extent.

As a kind of symbol, the old Y. M. C. A. hut, thrown together by the carpenters who built the army barracks at our camps, gave way to a uniform knock-down prefabricated structure designed for convenience, comfort, and beauty. It has a hall with a stage, for dances, shows, and lectures. It has a cafeteria, writing rooms, reading room, game rooms.

The USO discovered early that, as far as entertainment was concerned, real shows with real people who respond to applause and talk back are still the darling of an army. So they saw Actors' Equity, which agreed to liberalize its rules; and by the spring of 1942 thirty companies were touring the camps with shows that ranged from girl stuff to serious and thoughtful drama. The eminent of Broadway and Hollywood volunteered to help. Many of these people earn at least a thousand a week. Actors' Equity objects, and rightly, to the precedent of working for nothing. So the stars take a salary of fifty or a hundred dollars a week and, when they travel, USO pays modest expenses.

THE END

Ann Sheridan goes into an impromptu jam session at Fort Riley, Kansas.

$5,000 IN BIG CASH PRIZES!

THIS IS THE FIRST WEEK—START NOW!

LIBERTY this week begins the year's most fascinating, entertaining, and unusual contest—identification of the famous individuals whose courage, heroism and devotion to duty make headlines every day.

Each issue of Liberty for the next ten weeks will contain composite pictures of these valiant heroes. All you have to do is to separate the composite heads, assemble them together correctly and name the hero.

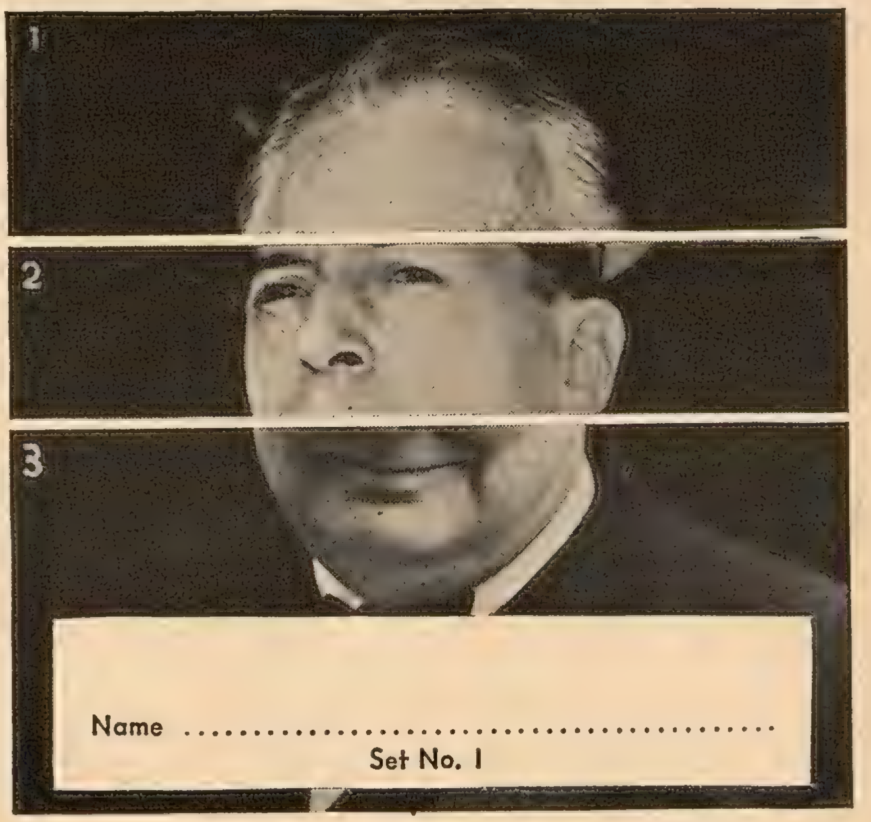
How well do you read your newspapers? Do you think you can recognize these great names of valor of the new war? Test your skill, your power of observation, your memory! Enter Liberty's War Heroes Contest this week! *Save all the pictures* until you have ten sets—then send them to Liberty. It's fun and it's profitable—*you* can win one of the 237 big cash prizes!

Think of what $1,000 or $500 or even $10 will mean to your ever growing account of war bonds and stamps—and that's using this money to its greatest advantage!

WHO ARE OUR HEROES?

This war is being fought by soldiers on many fields! We of the United Nations have our dashing generals, our battling admirals, our scrapping officers, our brilliant statesmen, and our tireless industrialists. The valor of thousands of courageous people has done much toward winning the war, but all the heroes in this contest have been internationally recognized for their magnificent deeds!

Don't look for uniforms only, for Americans only. But expect to identify those great war heroes of the world from having seen their pictures in the papers.



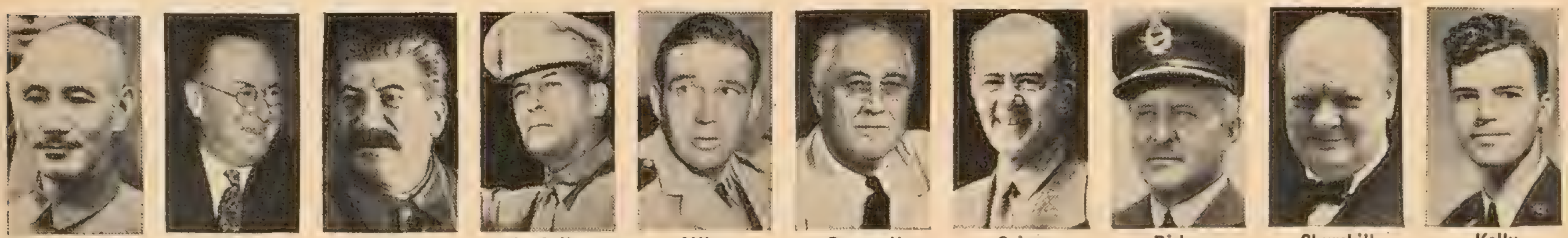
1. The forehead is of a former Assistant Secretary of the Navy; the eyes and nose are of Arkansas' most distinguished son; and the mouth and chin belong to a well known collector of hats.

SAVE YOUR ENTRIES

Be sure to read the rules and observe them in every respect. Remember, reassemble the pictures, name the hero, save your solutions until the contest closes, and then send in the entire group at one time!

So you think you know the world's great heroes! Well, here's your chance to prove it—and get better acquainted with faces and names of these sensational figures of action—and win part of this big $5,000 prize fund! Good luck to you!

For Your Guidance—The Three Heroes in Set No. 1 Are Among These Men



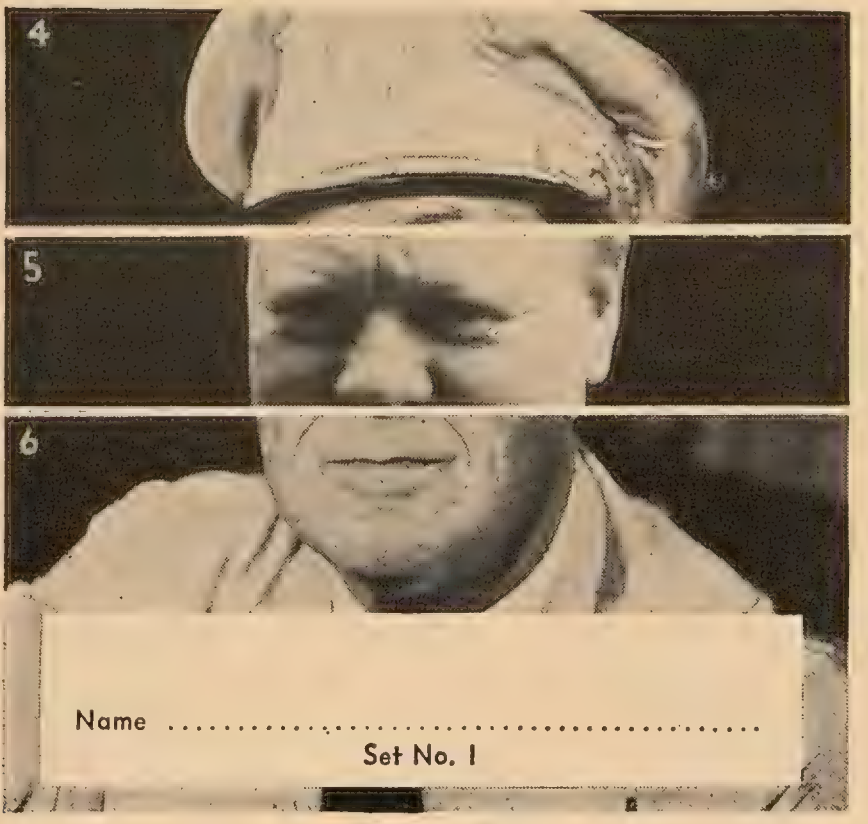
Chiang Kai-shek Nelson Stalin MacArthur O'Hare Roosevelt Cripps Bishop Churchill Kelly

Name Today's Great WAR HEROES!

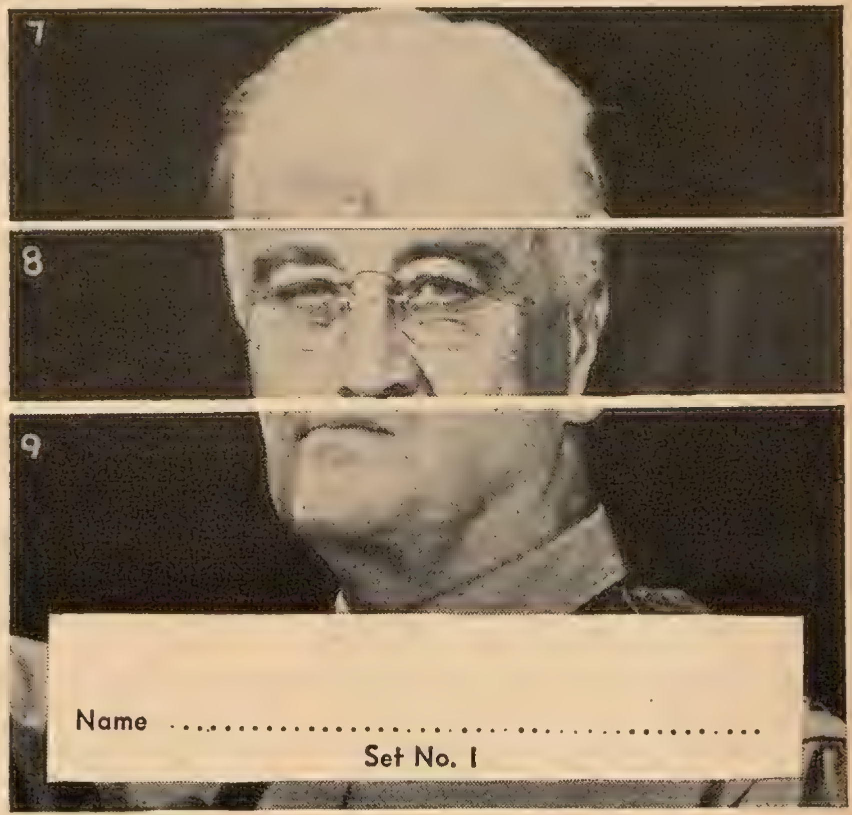
PRIZE SCHEDULE

Liberty's $5,000 War Heroes Contest

FIRST PRIZE	$1,000
SECOND PRIZE	500
FIVE PRIZES, each $100	500
TEN PRIZES, each $50	500
TWENTY PRIZES, each $25	500
200 PRIZES, each $10	2,000
237 PRIZES	$5,000



2. The forehead is of a man almost paralleling his father's career; the eyes and nose are of a son of an American mother and an English father; and the mouth and chin are of a famous former governor of an Eastern state.



3. The forehead is of a man who once built an army of 1,000 toy soldiers; the eyes and nose belong to a candidate for Vice-President of the U. S.; and the mouth and chin are of a hero of the last war's Rainbow Division.

CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of three composite pictures of persons who have gained fame in the prosecution of the war against the Axis Powers along either military, naval, diplomatic, war production, or publicity lines, or in other fields of vital importance in the conduct of the war.

2. Each set of pictures, when cut apart and correctly reassembled, will make a complete portrait of a person who has attained fame in the war effort as above stated. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the 237 nearest correctly named and restored complete sets of portraits Liberty will award the $5,000 in cash prizes according to the accompanying schedule. Neatness will count. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the person it represents.

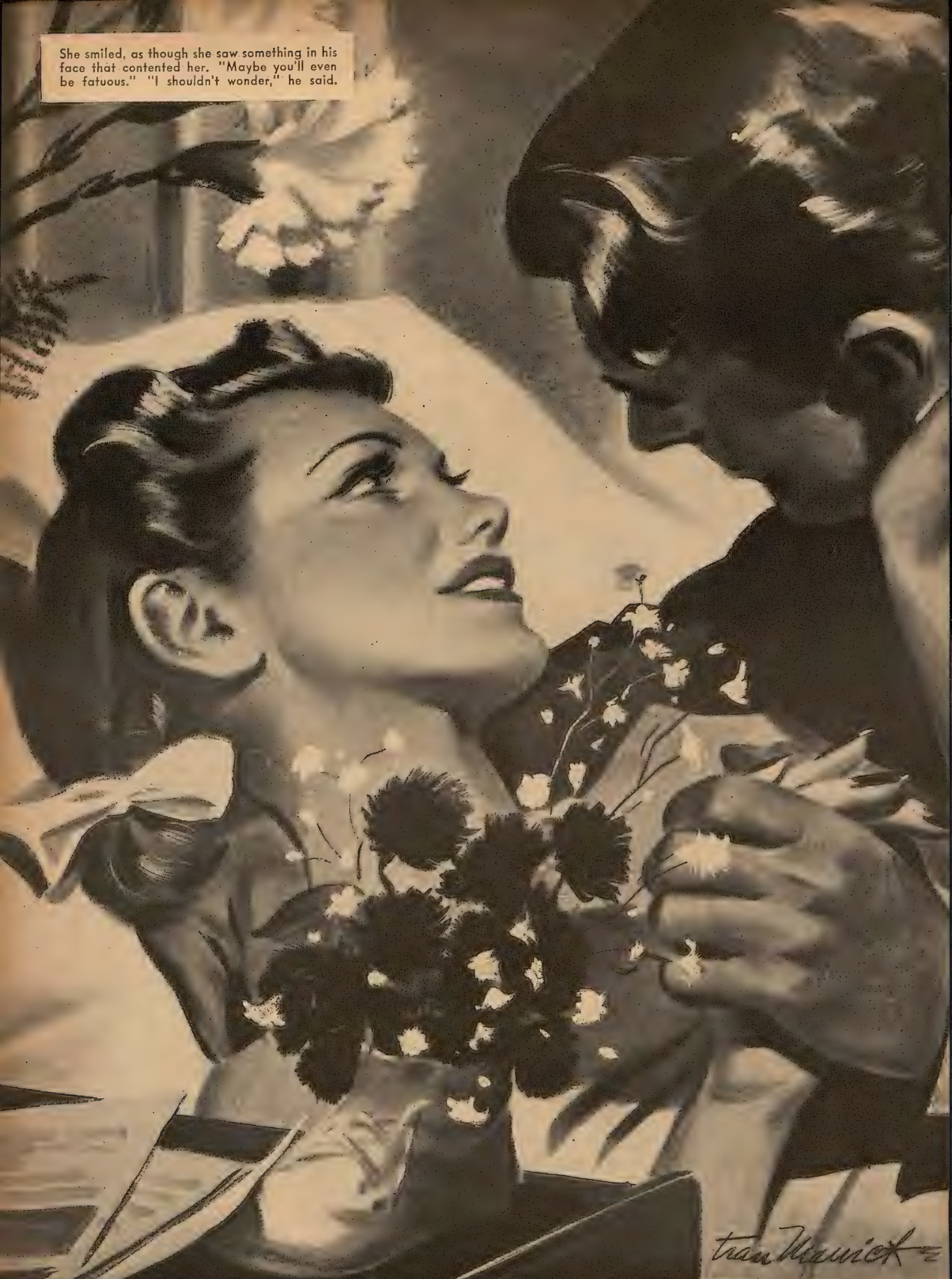
5. Mail your entry by first-class mail to WAR HEROES CONTEST, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. No partial sets will be considered, and once an entry has been received no changes or additions can be made. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. Accuracy and neatness will count, but elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No extra credit will be given for elaborately or expensively constructed entries. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding any entry.

8. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, September 9, 1942, the closing date of the contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

She smiled, as though she saw something in his face that contented her. "Maybe you'll even be fatuous." "I shouldn't wonder," he said.



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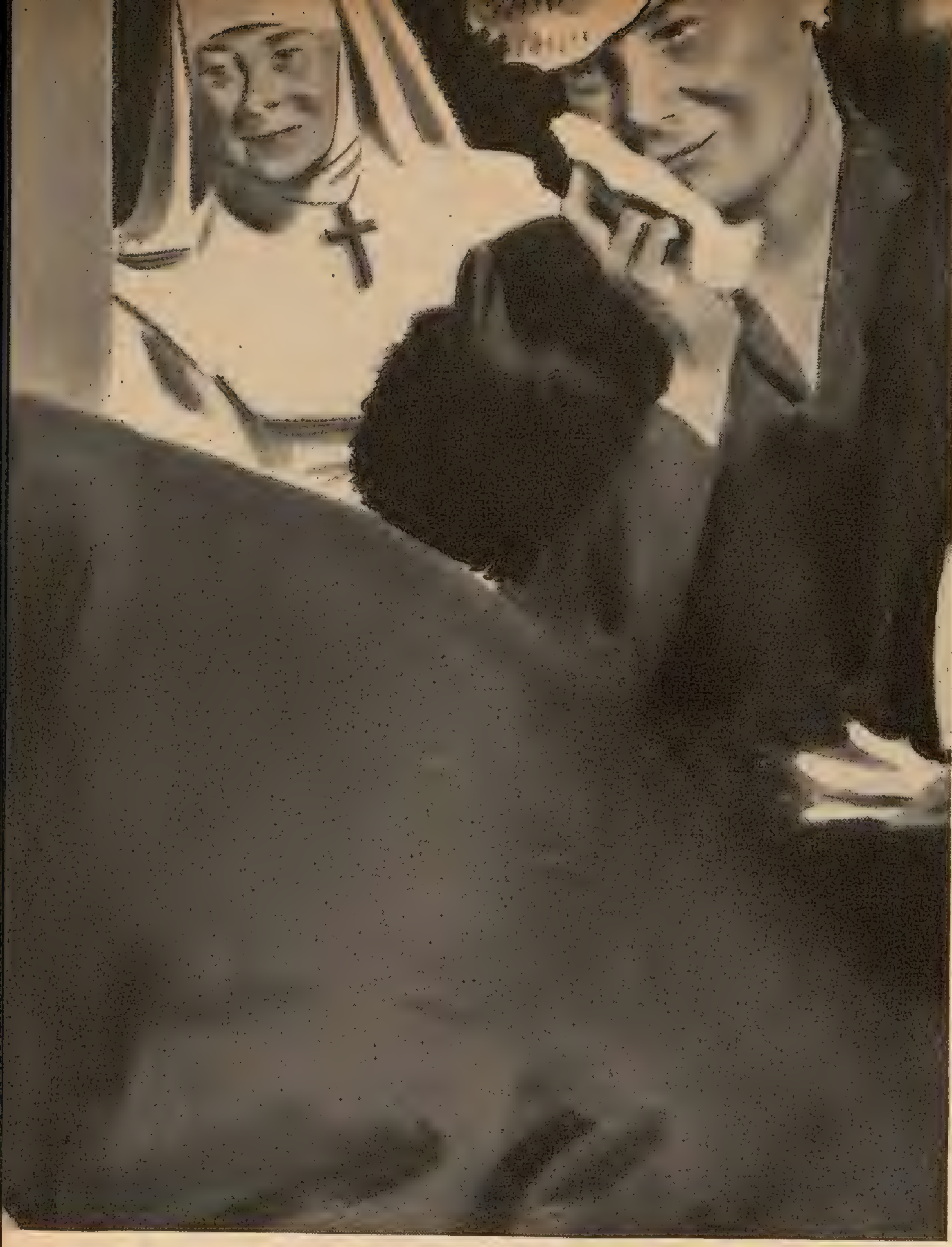


FATHERS' ROOM

BY MONA WILLIAMS

A story for Father's Day . . . and for every man who ever was in love

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

IT was strange that any one could live to the age of twenty-six and never have set foot in a hospital until this moment. But that was true of Clay, and when the pungent odor of antiseptic first struck him, his nostrils quivered and involuntarily he stepped back. His mother-in-law walked up to the desk to inquire for Alice's room. The hospital smell carried to Clay a sharp sense of menace. For the first time, he admitted fear into his conscious mind.

The entrance room was large and shadowy and empty, with a light burning only over the desk, because the hour was sometime between midnight and morning. There was a nun in a flowing black robe sitting at the switchboard, and this struck him as very incongruous until he remembered that the hospital was run by sisters.

Alice's mother turned from the desk and glanced back nervously. "The elevator isn't running. We'll have to walk."

"Two flights," the sister said tranquilly. "Room 33."

Clay and Mrs. Todd went to the stairs and moved upward side by side, their footfalls muffled on the broad rubber treads. She was a small-boned, quiet, tense woman, and Clay neither liked her nor disliked her. They had met for the first time two weeks ago, when she had come out to be with Alice when her baby was born.

At first she hadn't really existed for Clay as a person—she was only Alice's mother. But lately he had begun to be aware of something in her attitude toward him that had made him uneasy. Mrs. Todd didn't like him. He knew that this antagonism hadn't grown out of anything that he had done. He had been prepared to do anything that he could to make her visit pleasant, and proud that she should find Alice so comfortably situated. Yet he knew now that no amount of effort on his part could have made any difference. Mrs. Todd had brought the antagonism with her, already ripened. It puzzled Clay.

SHE said now, a little breathless from the first flight, "I don't know whether they'll let us both stay in the room with her—every hospital has different rules. Poor child—it's hard to think of her alone at a time like this!"

He felt that he should make some response to this, but he couldn't think of the right one. He said nothing. He just moved silently upward, his long legs adjusting themselves to the shallow rise of the stairs and to the small woman beside him.

"If only one can stay," she went on, "please don't be hurt if Alice wants me. Of course it's your baby, and naturally you're very much interested"—she stopped to give her little nervous laugh—"but there are times when only a girl's mother—"

They had reached the third floor now, and ahead of them, in a yellow pool of light, another sister in a white robe sat at a table, writing. She looked up and said pleasantly to Clay:

"You are Mr. Cole? Your wife is in 33. You may go in to see her for a few minutes. Then please continue on down the corridor to the last room on your left. You may wait there until your baby is born."

Clay said uncertainly, "The last room on the left?"

She nodded. She had a soft, full face like a benign moon, and her voice was gentle. "There is a sign on the door. It says 'Fathers' Room.' "

"Well!" Mrs. Todd said, and Clay could tell by her voice that she was hurt. "That's something new, isn't it? I suppose you have no place for a poor grandmother?"

"There is the general waiting room," the nun said gently. "I'm sure you'll be very comfortable." She murmured again, "Room 33," and turned back to her writing.

Clay and Mrs. Todd walked on down the long, echoing corridor. They peered in the dim light at the numbers on the doors. Number 33 was tightly closed. Clay would have knocked, but Mrs. Todd opened the door and walked in.

Alice was alone, siting in a chair smoking a cigarette. She smiled at Clay and said, "Hello, darling. Imagine running into me here!"

He said gruffly, "How are you?" and tried to keep the fear out of his voice. It amazed him that she could look so cheerful and confident, with all that she had ahead of her.

"I'm fine." She was wearing the blue flowered quilted robe that he had given her on her last birthday. That was just a month or so after the baby had started, and he had bought a size 14; but Alice had taken it back to the store and exchanged it for a much larger size.

"This robe is going to be my home for months," she had told him, wrapping it nearly twice around her slender figure. Then she had laughed at his bewildered face, and kissed him, and said, "My poor innocent, this business is all so new to you. But you'll learn, darling, you'll learn."

LOOKING back, it seemed to him that when she exchanged the robe he had felt the first little stir of resentment; but in the beginning he had pushed it back so that he was hardly conscious of it—the resentment against the baby that was going to change this lovely girl, to put this indignity upon her.

And then, as the weeks passed, and the baby became more important in Alice's mind, and she began to talk about it more, he had confessed it to himself. He didn't want the baby. He had wanted to keep things just as they were—just he and Alice together, free as the air, sharing work and fun; lovers and comrades. . . .

Mrs. Todd was looking anxiously around the room. "But where is the doctor?" she said. "Isn't any one with you? It's heartless to leave you alone like this—with not even a nurse!"

"But I'm all right, mother," Alice said. "The doctor was here a few minutes ago. He says I'm coming along fine, and I can ring the bell any time I want to."

She looked at Clay and smiled so cheerfully that the cold weight against his chest, that had made every step since he had entered this place like walking in chest-high icy water, lightened a little. He was thankful that he had never for a moment let Alice guess how he felt. He'd let her talk about the baby and make plans, and if he hadn't had much to say, he was sure she'd never noticed it. And yet, it gave him a little twinge when she looked at him now and said softly:

"Poor Clay! I wish you could be as happy as I am."

"I will be. I'll be happy when this—this business is all over."

"Just concentrate on tomorrow. At this time tomorrow I'll be my old self again."

"Yes," he said. But he was thinking bitterly, You'll never be yourself again. You'll be yourself and the baby. Always and forever. Nothing will ever be the same.

The door opened and the doctor came in. He was a thickset man with square shoulders and a competent manner, and he was dressed in white, which made him look unfamiliar to Clay, although he had seen and talked to him before. He said, "I think we'll get this young lady to bed now."

Alice started to stand up, and then she said, "Wait," in a curious sharp voice, and sank back in the chair with both hands tight on the arms.

Mrs. Todd was whispering, "Alice, precious—oh, if I could only— Here, let me take your hand!"

Clay said nothing. He turned away from Alice to the window, where he could look down on the dark hulk of his car parked in the gravel drive. But he did not see the car—he saw, printed sharply against his eyeballs, Alice's white face, and her soft childish hair on her shoulders, and her eyes, large and astonished by pain.

He heard the doctor say, "Now, if you two will just step out—"

Mrs. Todd said in a quick, dry voice, "Perhaps my son-in-law would be happier outside. I don't believe he's very accustomed—"

"Please," Alice said, "both of you—go now. You too, mother. Really, I'd rather. Dr. Thomas will take good care of me." Her voice dropped away and her eyes got big again.

Mrs. Todd looked suddenly as though some one had hit her. Her small face worked pitifully. "Please, doctor, let me stay. I can't leave her now. It's asking too much—I just can't!"

"Please," Alice said. "Please, really." And then she looked at Clay, and she whispered, her voice trembling a little, "It's all right, isn't it, Clay? You do want the baby, don't you?"

"I want you," he said in a harsh voice. "I don't want you to be hurt."

The doctor was bundling them toward the door. Magically and from nowhere a nurse had appeared. "I'll call you," the doctor was saying. "I'll keep you posted. It won't be for a while yet."

They were outside again in the dim and chilly corridor. Clay stood there miserably, stricken with remorse. He had said the wrong thing—he knew it from Alice's face. It wasn't the thing she was hoping he'd say. And now it was too late.

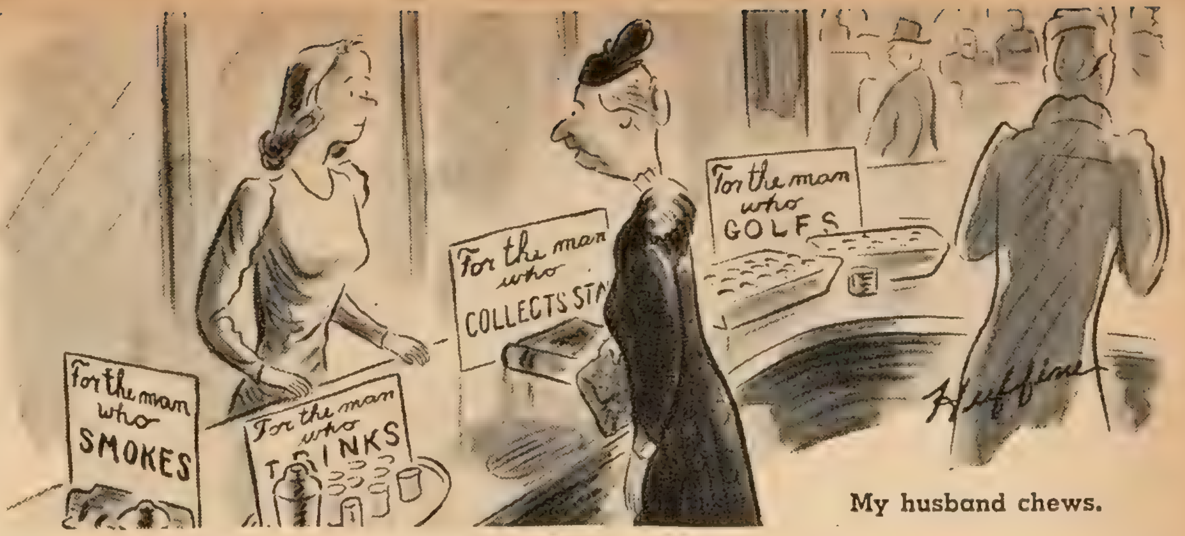
Mrs. Todd's face was averted, and, to Clay's horror, he saw that she was crying. He took her arm awkwardly and started walking her back in the direction from which they had come. The desk where the sister had sat was empty now. But Clay saw at the other side of the stairs an arched doorway, and beyond it a room with deep chairs and a large center table covered with orderly rows of magazines. Two floor lamps burned dimly in corners.

He led Mrs. Todd to one of the chairs and sat down opposite her. They both sat there for a moment in silence. Then Clay got up and went to the table and brought back some magazines. He said, "I could move that lamp nearer, if you'd like to look at these."

Alice's mother looked up at him. Her glance was cool and rebuking above the tears that still lay on her cheeks. "No, thank you," she said.

There was nothing to say. Clay sat down again and opened one of the magazines. He bent absorbedly over an article on the making of slip covers.

"It's about eighty miles as the plane flies."


For the man who SMOKES
For the man who DRINKS
For the man who COLLECTS STA
For the man who GOLFS
Huffine

My husband chews.

The feeling of Mrs. Todd's eyes on him gave him a prickly sensation, as though ants were crawling over his skin. But after a moment the sensation faded, and all he could think of was Alice and that the thing was happening at last.

She had gone into town on the bus this afternoon to see the doctor. Clay had found her gone when he got home for dinner. Then the doctor himself had phoned and said casually that he thought it best for Alice to go around to the hospital. No, nothing had really started yet, but it would be soon and she might as well get settled. He'd let them know in plenty of time to come in. Alice had sent word that she didn't want them until she was sure something was happening. Clay understood that, because it was the way he would have felt himself.

So Mrs. Todd had had to busy herself getting Alice's things together and packing her bag, and Clay had gone on with a little chest of drawers he was making in the garage. It had been just after midnight when the call came.

He had no idea what time it was now. You couldn't measure a time like this.

ALICE'S mother got up and started walking around the room. Her small helpless-looking hand riffled through magazine pages on the table. She picked up an ash tray, examined it closely, and set it down again. She went to the doorway and peered down the corridor. She said with shaky confidence, "She'll call for me soon. She'll send for me to come back."

Then abruptly she turned back and stood over Clay, staring down at a full-page cartoon of a fat man and a pretty girl. She said suddenly in a low, choked voice, "You took her away from me."

Clay stood up and the magazine slid to the floor. His muscles were tense under his coat sleeves. He said slowly, "Is that why you dislike me, Mrs. Todd? Because I took her away from you? Is that why?"

The little woman seemed to crumple. She said brokenly, "She was so young. I had such plans for her. We'd made plans together."

His muscles relaxed. He said hurriedly, "I think I'll go out and get a drink," and left her.

He walked very fast down the corridor. Past the empty desk with the yellow pool of light; past the mysterious and shadowy glass-walled room with its rows of tiny cots dimly outlined inside. A faint cry followed him from the glass-walled room. A strange sound, not connected with any human emotion, not in pain, not wanting anything, not expecting anything—wild and remote like the cry of a bird.

Whiteness loomed at him from the darkness, and the whisper and rustle of whiteness moved toward him. The nun with the moon face murmured as she passed, "The last room on the left. There is a sign on the door."

He went past Room 33. His legs were moving faster now, almost as though he were running away from something. Now he saw the end of the corridor. Just ahead was a large window, and outside the cold glisten of a fire escape. He opened the door to the left and went in. Sanctuary.

Then he saw that the room was occupied. A man was sitting on the edge of the bed, smoking a pipe. When Clay opened the door, he rose eagerly, then sank back again. He was a middle-aged man with sandy thinning hair, a broad face, and frank blue eyes.

Clay said, "I beg your pardon," and started to go, but the man spoke quickly.

"Oh, don't do that. I guess you're in the same boat I am. If so, we both need company." As Clay still hesitated, he added, "I'll be out of here soon, anyhow. My wife—I'm expecting to hear any minute now. You'll have the room to yourself."

Clay came in. He looked around him. The room was comfortably lighted. Beside the bed was a table covered with reading matter and a radio. Plenty of ash trays. Across the room a small desk held pen and ink and a large leather-bound volume. He went over and picked it up. The title was stamped into the leather cover: FATHERS-TO-BE—YOUR BOOK. He read the flyleaf:

> Dear Fathers—This volume is placed here to record your thoughts and feelings during the time you are waiting to hear news of your baby. If you wish to learn the emotions of your predecessors, turn the page.

CLAY felt faintly sick. Of all the sentimental tripe— The sandy-haired man spoke, grinning: "Isn't that the damnedest thing? I suppose it's for the first-time boys who've got to let off steam. We veterans keep our feelings to ourselves."

"You a veteran?"

"My third," the man said with satisfaction. "I've got a boy and a girl at home. That's the beauty of it—with one of each, I don't care which this one is."

Clay said, "I think I'll go out and get a drink. What's open this time of the morning?"

"Not much," the man said absently. "You know—" he went on, his face lighting up again, "I'll bet those kids of mine are both wide awake. They woke up when we left—you know how kids sense a commotion. They knew just what was going on—you can't fool 'em. Six and eight—a boy and a girl. Quite a stretch between them and this one." And he added softly, lying back now, the pillow bunched behind his head, "Be pretty nice to have a baby in the house again."

The man irritated Clay. He said hardily, "What's nice about it?"

The sandy-haired man leaned forward and rubbed his hands over his face. His voice sounded both sleepy and thoughtful. "I don't know—I guess because it gives you a feeling you're moving. Maybe I'm not doing any better with my job this year than last; maybe we haven't got any farther along with a lot of things we've planned. But Kathleen's in the third grade now, and I'm teaching Donny how to fish, and there's a new baby in the house. We're moving—see what I mean?"

There was a light knock on the door. Both men sprang up. The door opened and a nurse stood there, holding out a tray. She spoke, smiling, to the other man.

"A LITTLE boy," she said. "Born ten minutes ago." She set down the tray, and the fragrant heartening smell of coffee filled the room. "It will be a few minutes before you can see your wife. I thought you'd both like something hot."

The man drank his coffee standing. As soon as the nurse had gone, he picked up the telephone and called a number. A moment later Clay heard him talking to some one at his house.

"Look—are the children asleep? . . . Well, be sure to tell them the first thing in the morning—the very first thing! A little brother. Tell Donny that's what he ordered—a little brother."

Then he was elbowing into his coat, standing there in the middle of the room, looking at Clay.

"I can't tell you what it feels like, brother. Why should I? You'll learn, you'll learn."

Clay was alone. He drank a little coffee, set it down and forgot it. He turned on the radio, and melancholy dance music quivered through the room. He lay full-length on the bed and pushed his face into the pillow. Measureless time went by. After a while he got up, and saw that the window was growing gray. He snapped off the lamp, and the pale light seeped into the room and lay like water on the polished surfaces of table top and desk. He opened the door and looked down the hall toward Room 33

Without his own volition, his feet carried him forward. Now he was standing outside, his hand lifted, knocking to silence. He opened the door. Room 33 was empty. He stared about him wildly. There was the blue robe, folded by an orderly hand, over the chair back, and he recognized Alice's brush and comb already laid out on the bureau.

Some one was passing outside. He flung back the door and saw the nun in the white robe.

"Where is she? Where's my wife?"

The nun paused in her measured tread and her robe fell into quiet folds about her feet. "They've taken your wife down to the delivery room."

"How long ago?"

"Perhaps half an hour." And she added kindly, seeing his face, "Don't look so alarmed, my boy. You should be glad it will be so soon now."

He said fiercely, "It's easy for you to say that! She means nothing to you!"

The nun said gently, "You wouldn't have hoped to find her still here, surely, with no progress made? Life moves along, my boy—never try to hold it back."

She walked on, her rubber-soled shoes barely audible in the corridor. Clay went back into the room.

HE stared at the bed, high and narrow and whiter than anything in the world. The nun's gentle voice still echoed in his mind: "Life moves along—never try to hold it back." And now at last he began to understand. That's what he had tried to do from the beginning—to hold it back. He had wanted to carry over into marriage the irresponsible time that came before. But if you held onto anything long enough and tight enough, there would come a day you would open your hand and find it squeezed dry.

Alice understood that. Alice was born knowing.

"I can't tell you what it feels like," the man had said, "but you'll learn." What he meant was—you can't conceive of anything until you've experienced it, and tell if you're going to like it or not. And Clay had a sudden sharp desire: I wish I'd asked him if he wanted his first kid.

He saw the handle turn on the closed door. Then it opened and Alice's mother stood there.

"Clay—I've seen the baby! She's beautiful. A little girl!"

He stood up slowly, the tension slowly, blessedly draining out of him. "You mean it's all over? Alice is all right, then?"

"Alice is fine. They're bringing her up in a few minutes. Oh, Clay"—her face crumpled again—"she was so brave—so brave. She sang! She sang a little French song I taught her when she was a child. I was outside but I could hear her."

His heart swelled with pride. "Alice isn't afraid of anything," he said. "You and I are the cowards."

She said uncertainly, "Cowards?"

Something inside him was saying, You sap, let it go, let it go. Don't try to tell her. You know, and that's enough. It's all over now—what's the use of stirring up a lot of feelings? And yet, all the time the words were coming out, as though they had to get themselves said.

"Sure. Both of us. You tried to hold onto Alice the way she was—to keep her a child. You couldn't do it—she grew up in spite of you. Just as she grew up in spite of me. And you wouldn't have actually wanted her *not* to marry, would you? You were just afraid, as I was, of the next step. That's why you hated me. It wasn't just me—you would have hated any one who helped her make that step."

She murmured over the sodden lacy ball of her handkerchief, "How do you know these things? How do you know how I feel?"

"That's easy. Because I felt the same way about the baby. I never gave the baby a chance."

"You don't hate the baby now—do you, Clay?"

"Not any more."

She went over and stood beside him and touched his arm. He knew it was hard for her to do that, and harder for her to say:

"Clay—I think we could be friends. I think maybe we've taken this last step together."

He smiled and nodded, not trusting himself for more than that. He knew that probably never again would they have a moment as intimate as this one, and he knew also that this was enough.

THEY wheeled Alice into the room. Her face was turned away, and he saw that her hair, that long, curling hair of hers, was braided into two tight little plaits. And something about the nape of her neck between the braids, small and white and exposed, hurt him.

Her head turned slowly and her voice was a little tired:

"She has your dark eyes, Clay. Maybe that will help to make you like her."

"I don't need any help," Clay said. "She's yours and mine, and that's enough."

She looked at him, a full, asking look, her eyes steady on his face. "You mean that, Clay—really?" she said.

"I mean it. It's a good feeling—being a father. I like it a lot more than I thought I would."

This time she smiled, as though she saw something in his face that contented her. "Maybe you'll even be fatuous."

"I shouldn't wonder."

The nurse came in and said, "I think we'd better let this girl get some rest now."

Alice's head stirred on the pillow. "What's mother looking so smug and rosy about? You two have been talking about me!"

Mrs. Todd blew her nose briskly. ‘Why should I talk about you when I've got a brand-new grandchild?"

Clay bent over the bed. "Go to sleep and get well again fast. Remember, you're an important person now. You've got a family to think of. I'll come back tonight and tell you all about everything."

Mrs. Todd and Clay closed the door softly and walked side by side down the long corridor. Ahead of them early-morning sunlight made a pattern on the floor, and the white-robed sister smiled good morning at them as they passed.

THE END

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20 QUESTIONS

Dr. Gregory Pinquetea says this is an easy set. He missed only two—Nos. 14 and 20. Count double if you get those two right.

1—"Take it away, Graham," was a well known phrase in the U. S. To what American did it refer, and what was he to take away?

2—What is now being referred to as the "Big Freeze"?

3—What Near Eastern headgear gets its name from the town where it is made?

4—Besides the one-eyed jacks, what other card has only one eye?

5—President Roosevelt said the first planes that attacked Tokyo were based at Shangri-La. Where is Shangri-La?

6—Do we call strong cigars "stogies" because they smoke like stovepipes, because they make you groggy, or why?

7—Honoring Andrew Rowan, recently a plaque was unveiled because long ago he delivered a message. What was the message and where delivered?

8—Signboard clocks always point to 8.21, to show them off better. It has been suggested they be changed to 7.55. Why?

9—In what game is the term "stymie" used, and what is its meaning?

10—Where is the Weddell Sea?

11—The 150th anniversary of the "Big Board" was celebrated recently. What and where is it?

12—Fort-de-France is the capital of what island that has been causing us a lot of worry?

13—Is it correct to refer to the U. S. hero of World War I as Sergeant York?

14—Why do we call it "finnan haddie"?

15—What groups besides individuals are treated as citizens in U. S. courts?

16—Is a tuning fork used in spearing tuna fish, in eating fish, or what is its purpose?

17—What U. S. college was the first to grant degrees to women for courses equivalent to those given in men's colleges?

18—What light in Hawaii was so bright in the blackout that flyers had to bomb it?

19—The man who produced The Miracle died recently. What was his name?

20—What post in the army is held by Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby?

(Answers will be found on page 40)

U.S. COAST GUARD

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

[At the request of many readers, I print below the text of a letter which each member of our armed forces receives on departure for overseas duty. It needs no comment.]

YOU are a soldier of the United States Army.

You have embarked for distant places where the war is being fought.

Upon the outcome depends the freedom of your lives: the freedom of the lives of those you love—your fellow-citizens—your people.

Never were the enemies of freedom more tyrannical, more arrogant, more brutal.

Yours is a God-fearing, proud, courageous people, which, throughout its history, has put its freedom under God before all other purposes.

We who stay at home have our duties to perform—duties owed in many parts to you. You will be supported by the whole force and power of this Nation. The victory you win will be a victory of all the people—common to them all.

You bear with you the hope, the confidence, the gratitude and the prayers of your family, your fellow-citizens, and your President—

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

* * *

We of the Quartermaster Corps would like to know why the Q. M. C. never gets any credit and why men of the other arms and services think the Q. M. C. is a place for softies. It makes us mad, Sarge, and you know it isn't true, so will you tell them?

Pvt. E. F., Brooks Field, Tex.

I don't have to tell them, soldier. The heroic work of the Q. M. C. on Bataan has been so widely publicized that there can't be any doubt of the caliber of the men in the Corps. Many years ago I saw them doing their stuff in France and doing it well; ever since then they've had my highest respect. And here's part of an interesting letter I've just received which throws more light on the Q. M.:

I'm a seaman in the U. S. Merchant Marine, and after our ship was bombed and sunk we managed to get ashore and lived for almost a month in the Australian "bush." Finally we found some of our own A. E. F. men and they literally gave us the shirts off their backs. Their outfit was the —st Q. M. C. and they're a bunch of fightin' fools. Some people say the Q. M. is a fine place to live to a ripe old age. Well, tell them to keep away from the old —st; they wouldn't last long.

From now on my spare cash will go to the bond-tender, not the bartender.

E. P., San Francisco, Calif.

* * *

Please straighten me out as to the right titles of these new noncommissioned officers known as technicians. I mean, how do you address them? Thanks.

Pvt. C. A. W., Camp Livingston, La.

A technician fifth grade is addressed as corporal; technicians of the fourth and third grades are addressed as sergeant. You probably know that a technician third grade has the pay and allowances of a staff sergeant and ranks below him but above a "buck" sergeant; a technician fourth grade has the pay and allowances of a "buck" sergeant and ranks below him but above a corporal; and a technician fifth grade has the pay and allowances of a corporal and ranks below him but above a private first class.

* * *

I've just read a newspaper article that compared the U. S. Marines to the British Commandos—and even called us "American Commandos." What the hell! The Commandos are swell outfits—they are using the same technique the Marines have always used, *with one exception.* The Commandos hit and run; the Marines hit and stay. So, if it's all right with the reporters and editors, we'd just as soon not be called "American Commandos." United States Marines suits us.

Pvt. J. D., Parris Island, S. C.

Not only suits, but fits like a glove. But you don't mind "leatherneck," do you?

I served nine years with the Field Artillery and was a sergeant part of that time. Went back to civilian life, then volunteered through Selective Service, and re-entered the Army. I have not forgotten how to soldier, and the battery commander and first sergeant wish to promote me to a noncom rating at once. However, they think that I must serve four months before that can be done. Is that right?

Pvt. N. G. D., Fort Knox, Ky.

No. You can be promoted at once and your pay-in-grade can start as soon as your rating is effective. That has been possible since late last March, when a bill was approved limiting the (then) pay of twenty-one dollars a month during the first four months of service to enlisted men of the seventh pay grade only. In other words, a man can be promoted during his first four months and receive pay of his rank.

* * *

Back in school I kept steady company with a girl. After graduation she went to nursing school and I enlisted in the Army. We were engaged to be married. Then came Pearl Harbor. She decided to serve her country by becoming an Army nurse. Recently I was taken ill and sent to the hospital where she is stationed. Naturally, I looked forward to seeing her. And what happens? We are prohibited from going out together and seeing much of each other because she is an officer and I am an enlisted man. This is the most undemocratic thing I have ever heard of. Two people very much in love separated because of a silly regulation. Can you beat it?

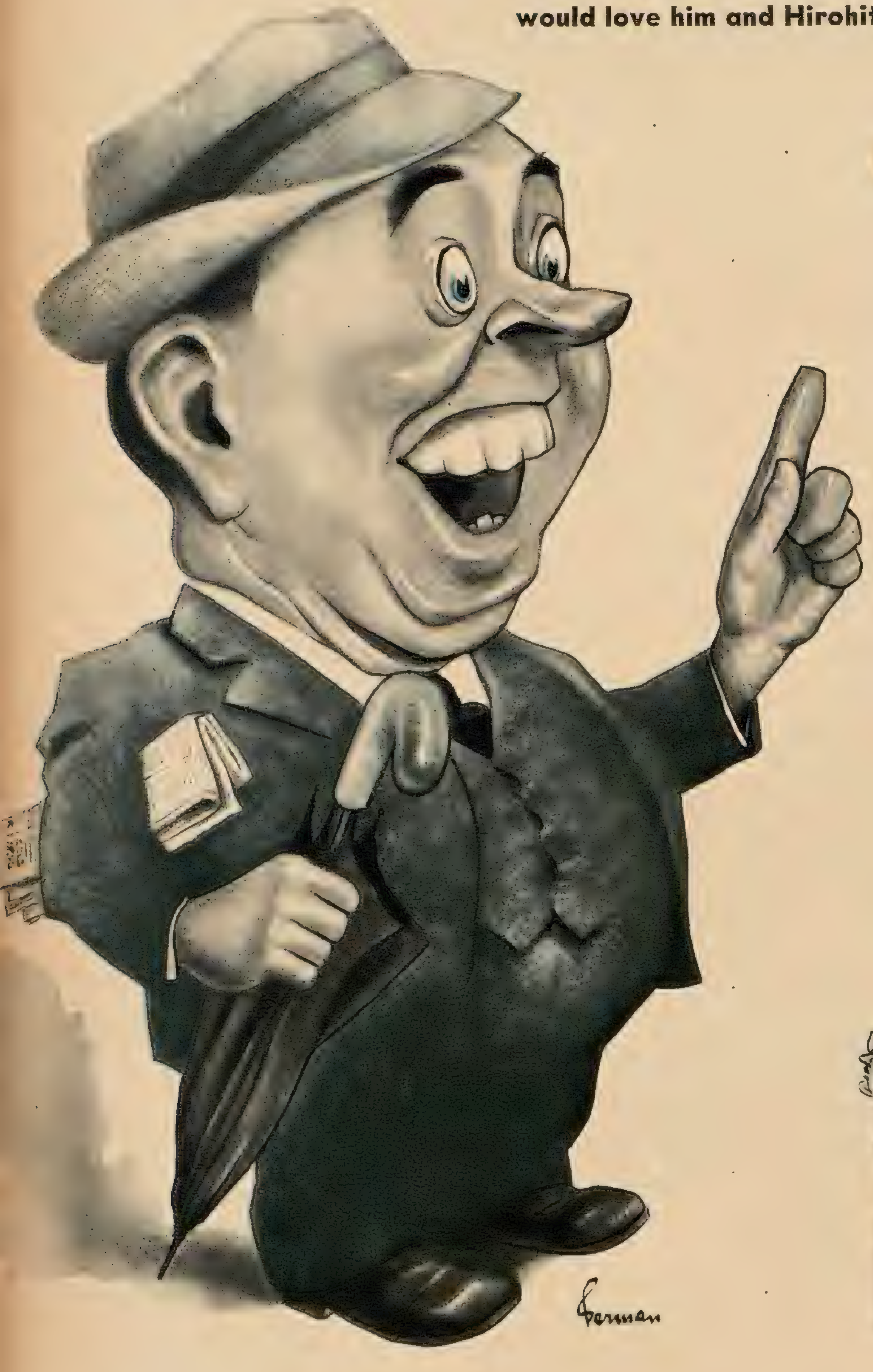
St. Sgt. P. L. R., Denver, Colo.

Sergeant, that's one of the saddest stories ever told—and really belongs on the short short story page.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

WHO IS
MR. CHUCKLEHEAD?

He *thinks* he's a good American . . . yet Hitler would love him and Hirohito would shake his hand



ILLUSTRATED BY SAM BERMAN

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

CHUCKLEHEAD is a mild and seemingly harmless man. Seemingly; because actually he is a danger and a menace.

Physically he is short and fat. His ears are notably large and they are forever picking up scraps of conversation. His mouth is large but not repulsive. It is, rather, friendly and talkative. In fact, Chucklehead is a friendly, pleasant-appearing person. He has the friendliness of a fat puppy. A lot of his talking is done to please other people and to attract their attention to himself—which is not unlike a puppy.

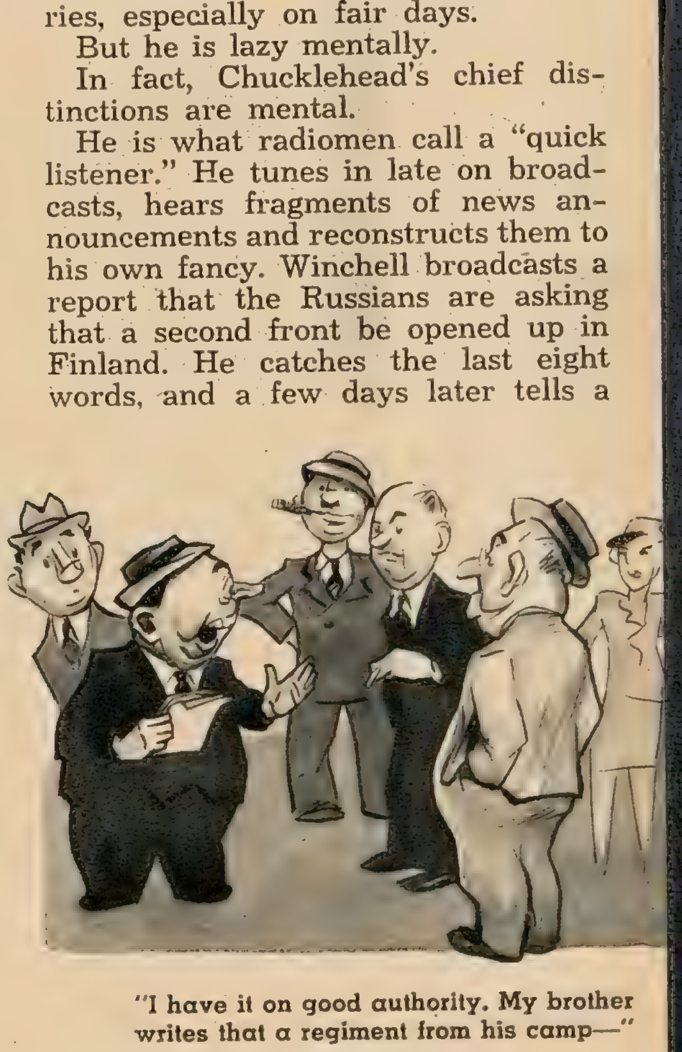
He is almost imperceptibly cross-eyed.

He is the last person in the world to admit that he is lazy, but actually he is. He is excitable; he moves around a great deal; he bustles up to strangers and starts conversations, which he conducts with much jabbing of the fingers and much waving of his umbrella—which he usually carries, especially on fair days.

But he is lazy mentally.

In fact, Chucklehead's chief distinctions are mental.

He is what radiomen call a "quick listener." He tunes in late on broadcasts, hears fragments of news announcements and reconstructs them to his own fancy. Winchell broadcasts a report that the Russians are asking that a second front be opened up in Finland. He catches the last eight words, and a few days later tells a



"I have it on good authority. My brother writes that a regiment from his camp—"

friend, "You know, Winchell is often wrong. Why, the other night he broadcast a report that a second front was opened in Finland."

He calls himself a great newspaper reader and often boasts how he keeps up with current events; but the truth is that he seldom reads more than the headlines. Instead of reading one paper carefully, he buys two and reads the headlines of both. This leads him to some strange conclusions, and he sometimes ties greatly differing ideas together.

FOR instance, he saw a headline, "Sugar Ration Loses at Jamaica," and told a man sitting next to him on a bus that the government was having trouble with its rationing and that in some places the people weren't standing for it. He didn't notice it was a sports story and that Sugar Ration is a horse!

He read a headline in one paper saying the Japs were attacking Ceylon; he read a headline in another paper saying "Jap Drive Pushes Ahead" and concluded the Japs had taken Ceylon. If he'd read the second story he'd have seen it referred to a drive on Burma.

He was a number one sucker for the Orson Welles Men-from-Mars broadcast. He sat down and called the Governor of New Jersey to suggest he ask the army for some coast-defense guns and some army bombers.

Chucklehead is a conclusion jumper, long distance.

He knew all about Pearl Harbor, too. He knew the government was holding back news from the public; he knew the entire fleet had been sunk; he knew that thousands of people died because they didn't have enough medicines.

He thinks navy men are out to get regular salaries instead of commissions.

Chucklehead has a hazy belief that there's a vast pool of "inside information" some place. This inside information has to do with everything about running the war and the country, and it's controlled by some people he refers to as "they." He is continually trying to get information that leaks out of this pool. Nothing delights him more than to have somebody say to him, "I got this from the inside. The Allies are going to—" Well, one thing *does* delight him more. That's to overhear somebody who is well dressed and important-appearing say, "I got this from the inside. The Allies are going to—"

Chucklehead would tell you he is intensely patriotic. He always tunes in on Roosevelt's broadcasts; he raises an American flag in front of his house on holidays; he buys a few bonds and stamps; and he yields to no one in his violence in denouncing the Japs and the Nazis. (However, he thinks we ought to lick those dirty little Japs first.) If he were drafted, he would go willingly—but, Lord! how he would bend everybody's ear telling them how willingly he was going. In fact, Chucklehead has a brother in the army.

Yes, he thinks he's a real patriot, but the fact is he is a dead weight in the drive to win the war.

He "knows" that the sugar-rationing plan is just a gag. He "knows" there is plenty of sugar—why, isn't America the greatest beet-sugar country in the world?—and that rationing was just thought up to get the people used to rationing and to sort of regiment them and make them think they are sacrificing.

This tire business, too. Chucklehead "knows" that's not as bad as Washington is trying to make out. Why, of course American ingenuity will find a way to make synthetic rubber fast. And we can get rubber from Brazil, can't we? Lots of it—all we want of it. Just turn more natives loose.

He is not in immediate need of new tires, but he isn't particularly careful of those he's got. He figures that he'll always be able to find a tire bootlegger when his are gone.

AND gasoline! There's plenty of it, and if there's not, all we have to do is to build a pipe line.

And this nonsense about paper! Why, so much paper has been collected already that the mills are choked! What mills? Well, Chucklehead doesn't know, but he read it some place.

Chucklehead denounces hoarders no end. He says hoarding is unpatriotic and he can quote whole sentences from an editorial on hoarding that appeared in the New York Times. Why, says Chucklehead, it's the hoarders who have put prices so high. But Chucklehead put away several cases of canned goods anyway, and his wife has almost a barrel of sugar. Not hoarding, you understand—just a little foresight: "good ol' American foresight," Chucklehead says.

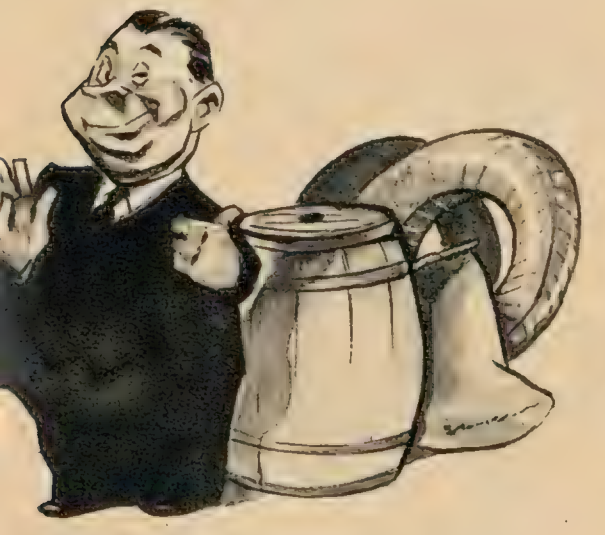
Chucklehead repeats every alarmist and defeatist rumor that gets around. He "understands" our shipping losses are much greater than the government admits (but at the same time he doesn't believe that the sugar and gasoline situations are as bad as the government has said and he sees nothing inconsistent in these two beliefs.) He "knows" American losses have been much higher than the government admits. He knows the government saves up bad news and gives it out only when there is good news to balance it. Whenever the newspapers report an American victory, he shakes his head and says, "Tsk! Tsk! Now we'll get a story about another battleship sunk."

CHUCKLEHEAD loves to get letters from his brother. Brother tells him a lot of things about army life; passes on all the complaints, describes every accident in gory detail, and tells about men being sent to Australia, Alaska, and other places. A letter from brother will give Chucklehead something to talk about for days. He'll say, "A new troop convoy is assembling at Newport News. I have it on good authority. A regiment from my brother's camp—"

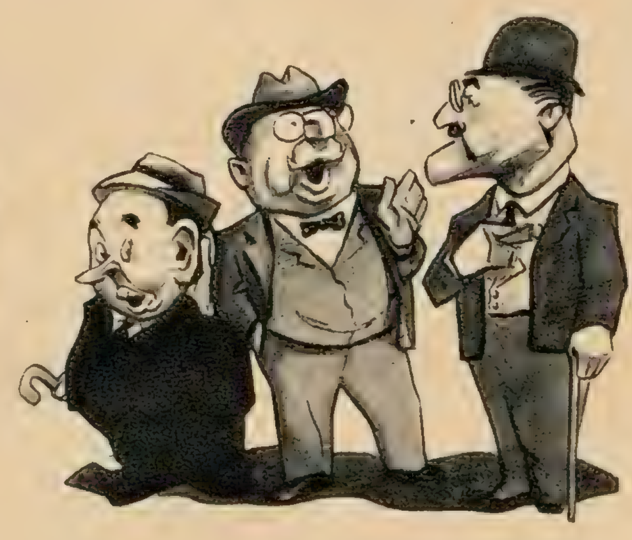
If some one suggests that he be a little more careful with his talk about troop movements, Chucklehead becomes very angry. He will pound his umbrella on the ground and shout: "Sir! My family has been in this country four generations and I resent your insinuations!"

If any one told Chucklehead he was doing Goebbels' work in this country, he would roar. In fact, if the person were smaller than Chucklehead, he'd bash him with his umbrella. He would be honestly outraged. His rage, in fact, would be so great that he would be blind to any reasoning designed to show him that his line and Goebbels' line was the same.

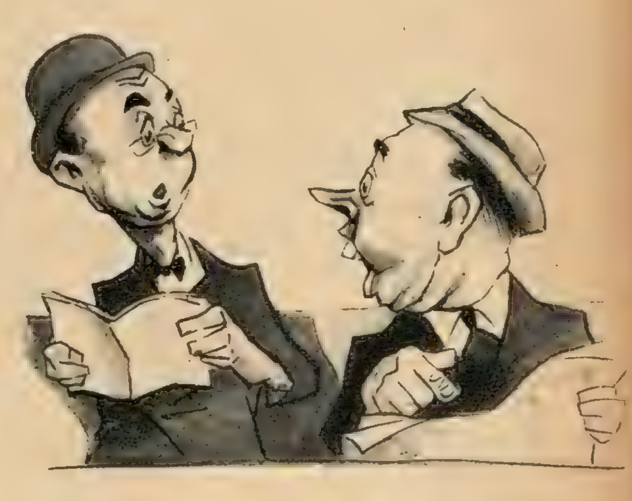
THE END



Not hoarding, understand! Just "good ol' American foresight," Chucklehead says.

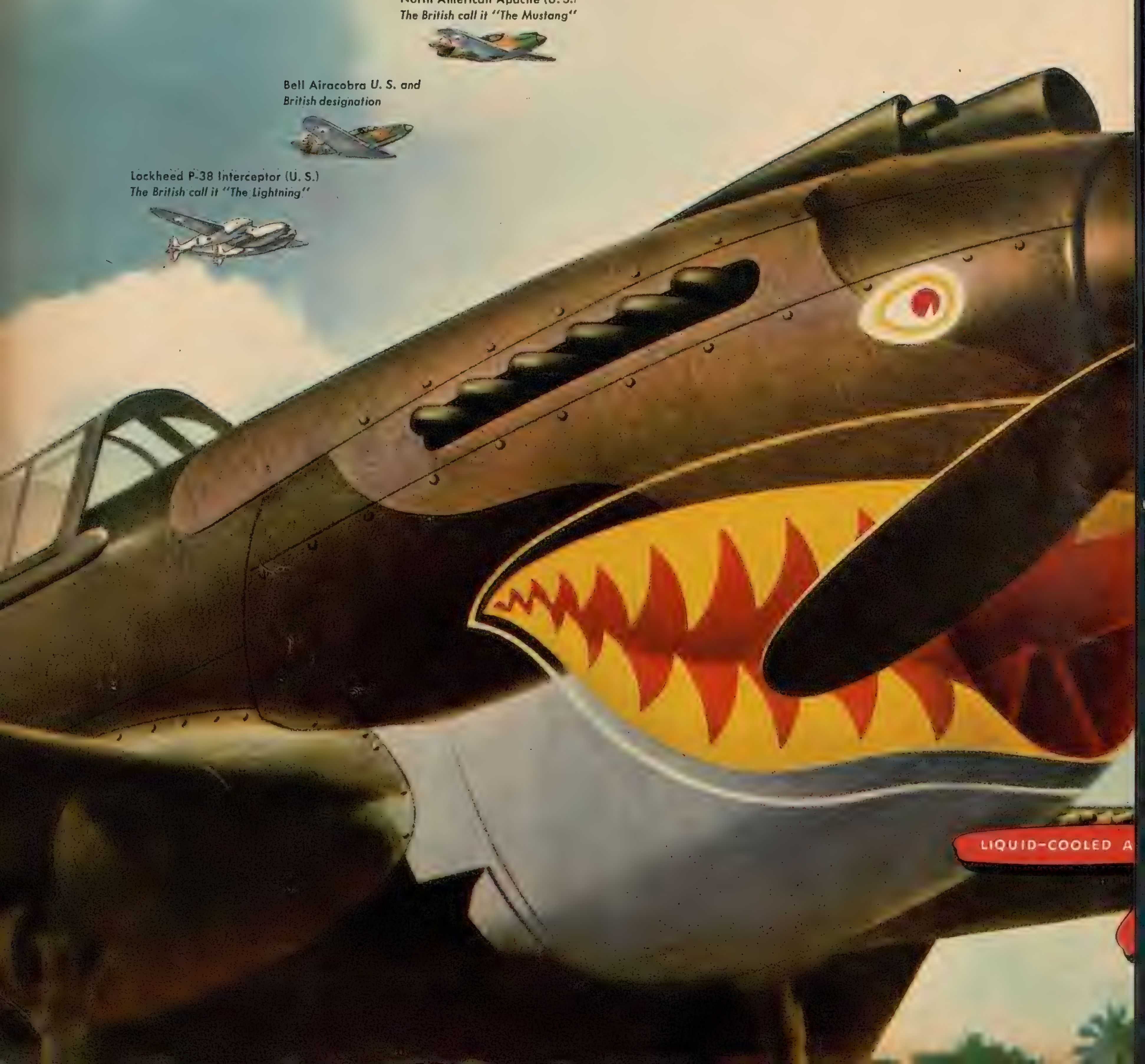


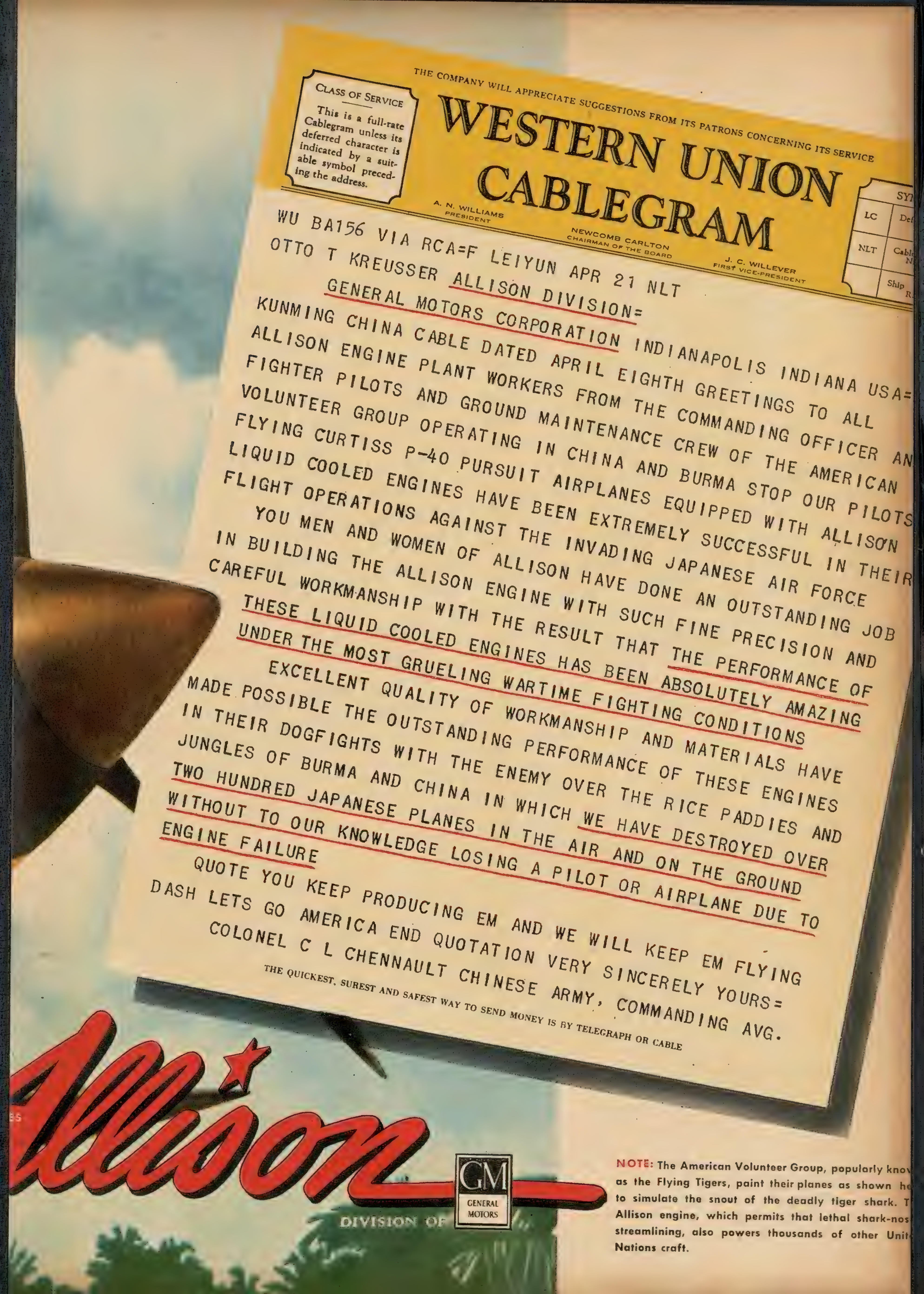
He loves to hear somebody important-looking say, "The Allies are going to—"



He pointed out that in some places people weren't standing for rationing.

Straight from the Tiger's Mouth!


North American Apache (U. S.)
The British call it "The Mustang"
Bell Airacobra *U. S. and British designation*
Lockheed P-38 Interceptor (U. S.)
The British call it "The Lightning"
LIQUID-COOLED A



THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION CABLEGRAM

A. N. WILLIAMS
PRESIDENT

NEWCOMB CARLTON
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

J. C. WILLEVER
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

WU BA156 VIA RCA=F LEIYUN APR 21 NLT
OTTO T KREUSSER ALLISON DIVISION=
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA USA=

KUNMING CHINA CABLE DATED APRIL EIGHTH GREETINGS TO ALL ALLISON ENGINE PLANT WORKERS FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER AN FIGHTER PILOTS AND GROUND MAINTENANCE CREW OF THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER GROUP OPERATING IN CHINA AND BURMA STOP OUR PILOTS FLYING CURTISS P-40 PURSUIT AIRPLANES EQUIPPED WITH ALLISON LIQUID COOLED ENGINES HAVE BEEN EXTREMELY SUCCESSFUL IN THEIR FLIGHT OPERATIONS AGAINST THE INVADING JAPANESE AIR FORCE

YOU MEN AND WOMEN OF ALLISON HAVE DONE AN OUTSTANDING JOB IN BUILDING THE ALLISON ENGINE WITH SUCH FINE PRECISION AND CAREFUL WORKMANSHIP WITH THE RESULT THAT THE PERFORMANCE OF THESE LIQUID COOLED ENGINES HAS BEEN ABSOLUTELY AMAZING UNDER THE MOST GRUELING WARTIME FIGHTING CONDITIONS

EXCELLENT QUALITY OF WORKMANSHIP AND MATERIALS HAVE MADE POSSIBLE THE OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE OF THESE ENGINES IN THEIR DOGFIGHTS WITH THE ENEMY OVER THE RICE PADDIES AND JUNGLES OF BURMA AND CHINA IN WHICH WE HAVE DESTROYED OVER TWO HUNDRED JAPANESE PLANES IN THE AIR AND ON THE GROUND WITHOUT TO OUR KNOWLEDGE LOSING A PILOT OR AIRPLANE DUE TO ENGINE FAILURE

QUOTE YOU KEEP PRODUCING EM AND WE WILL KEEP EM FLYING DASH LETS GO AMERICA END QUOTATION VERY SINCERELY YOURS=

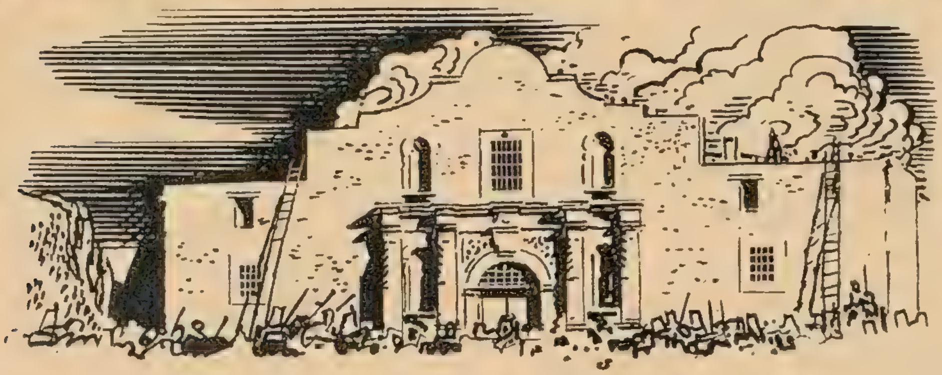
COLONEL C L CHENNAULT CHINESE ARMY, COMMANDING AVG.

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE

DIVISION OF GM GENERAL MOTORS

NOTE: The American Volunteer Group, popularly kno as the Flying Tigers, paint their planes as shown he to simulate the snout of the deadly tiger shark. T Allison engine, which permits that lethal shark-nos streamlining, also powers thousands of other Unit Nations craft.

THEY WILL REMEMBER US



BY CLIFFORD DOWDEY

The spirit that was America—and is today! A vivid tale of a brave band that made history

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE cannon rolled suddenly. It came over like thunder in the night, when the herd started up to their feet, ready to break. It came in claps and the rumble, and then the shells broke over the fort again. The men huddled close to the rampart.

Fragments rained into the yard. Fitch wanted to say that this was like hail in a night storm, but no words came. This was worse than before. This was worse than anything. He couldn't rise to shoot. Nobody could. They huddled there like chickens in the rain, and took it. The others didn't seem to mind. There was no expression on Davy Crockett's face, and old Jed was a picture of stolid patience. He glanced at Fitch, just held him with his eyes.

Fitch wondered if he looked scared. "I'm thirsty," he yelled.

Jed nodded. He looked away. Jed did think he was scared. Hell, this wa'n't nothing. This wasn't anything like as bad as a stampede at night, especially in a lightning storm, when the eerie light flickered across the horns. Fitch examined his rifle, made a minute adjustment of the firing pin, and edged up along the rampart. Yesterday Davy had picked off three cannoneers, one by one, as they took hold of the string. This was the time to pick off one, when they were opening with everything they had.

He slid the long barrel over the top and raised his head slowly. He glimpsed the billowing smoke rolling toward him, dull flashes deep in the smoke, and he went hurtling backward. He hit so hard he thought he had been shot. Then he saw Davy scowling down at him.

"Go inside for a while, son," he said. "You can't do nothing here."

"Can't do nothing!" He rose up again. "What's the matter with everybody? What are we slinking here for, like a pack of coyotes? Ain't we here to fight?"

"We can't fight cannons with rifles. That's why we're behind these walls in this here fort."

"They can keep this up all day."

"We can wait all day," Davy said.

"But what are they waiting for? They got five thousand men out there now. Are they scared of us?"

"Naw, they ain't scared. They got their own way of doing things. They're trying to get on our nerves, just like they're getting on yours."

Fitch didn't answer. He was angry with them now. They didn't understand him. They didn't understand anything. They didn't know what it was to be young and want to do something. A shell screamed close and the burst crashed all over him. He shrank against the rampart. His nerves were singing like brush in the wind. He couldn't have moved now, not if his life depended on it. Well, if staying still would show them the Mexicans were not getting on his nerves, he'd stay still as long as the best of them.

THE brightness left the sky. Saffron colored the edges, then overhead the blue deepened. It must have been hours. He heard men talking and looked around him. Davy had a tin cup in his hand, splashing liquid around in it. There was very little shelling now. The booms came separately. Then they grew longer apart.

Davy straightened up, sitting with his back to the rampart. He raised his cup. There was a slight whizzing sound, a splash and a tinkle, and Davy was still holding the cup—with the bottom out and the liquid all over his breeches. He stared at it. Then, slowly, methodically, he cursed the spent fragment that could have fallen anywhere in Texas, and it fell in this exact spot with the exact amount of force to knock the bottom out of his cup.

Fitch began to laugh. Jed scowled at him. He laughed louder. The other men near by stopped talking. Fitch laughed as he had never laughed in his life. Davy tossed the remnants of the cup over the wall. When his hand came back, it came back fast, and collided with Fitch's jaw. Lights popped in front of his eyes. He started up and he was jerked from behind. He sat down hard. His eyes cleared and he looked at the expressionless faces of Davy and old Jed and the others.

"All right," Fitch said, "you've stopped me from laughing. Now take your hands off'n me."

"Nobody minds you laughing, but not like that—like a coyote."

"I feel like a coyote, and it ain't nobody's business but mine."

"You're wrong there, son. Everything that happens in this here fort is everybody's business, and it's bad for everybody if you act scairt."

"I am scairt. All this waiting, and—"

"You're the bravest man here if you're brave and keep fighting."

"But this ain't fighting."

"Yeh, it is. They's all kinds of ways of fighting. They're fighting their way now. We fight our way when they get here. All this cannon shooting is just to make it easier for them when they come over. If we don't let it bother us none, it won't be so easy for them."

"Davy's right," Jed said.

FITCH made no answer. Dusk was covering them and he wanted to hide in it. He wanted to hide so when morning came he would be away from them all.

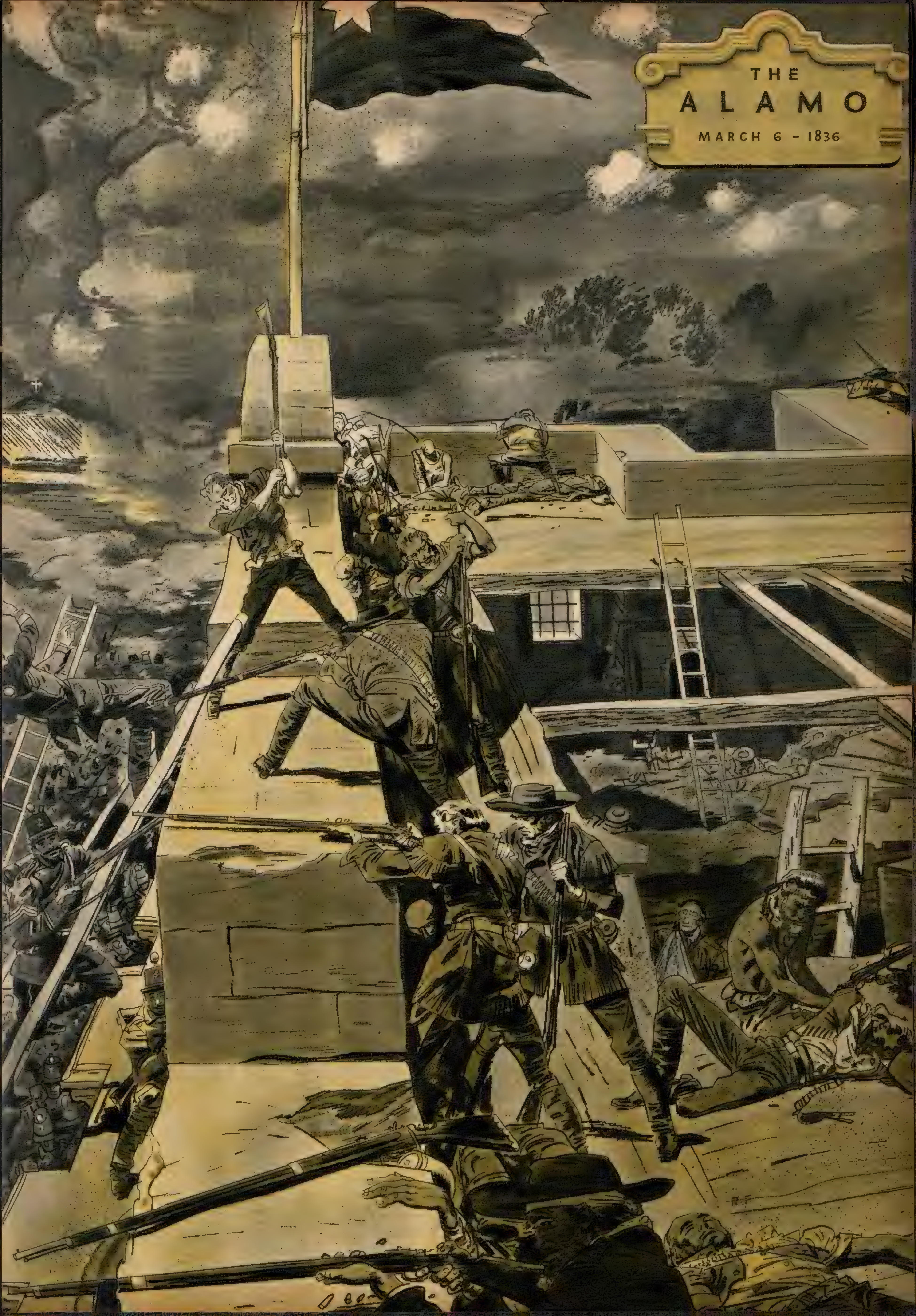
"Why don't you go down now and see about some vittles?" Davy said.

Fitch left without a word. He felt his way down the gritty rungs of the ladder to the yard below. The dim shadows of men were moving around and he avoided them. They could just wait here till the cows came home. They didn't have anything else to do, anyway. They were just bear hunters and buffalo hunters, teamsters and cattlemen; they weren't used to anything. His father had brought along fine horses and furniture when they came to Texas, and he built a nice house on a knoll overlooking the Brazos. Mr. Austin had come there to visit when Fitch was a boy, and other fine gentlemen, and he knew about things that these ruffians didn't.

He made his way into the house of the fort, where Colonel Bowie was sick in bed, and he got his tin plate and fork. When he went back out, he saw that the smoke had cleared away and stars shone brightly in the sky. He stopped and stared up. He was young! That's what these bearded old varmints could not understand. He had a whole life waiting for him.

The fire had been built and men were grouping around for their fried beef and corn bread. When Fitch got his, he backed away into the shadows,

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT


THE
ALAMO
MARCH 6 - 1836
R.F.

with the dark outlines of heads and shoulders between him and the fire. The men were mumbling, and slowly their words took meaning to him, supplanting his own thoughts. He stopped, with a forkful near his mouth. They were saying what Davy Crockett had said: that Colonel Fanning would never get here with any reinforcements.

They were talking so casually that there was a gap between the words and the feelings behind them. They were less excited than if they had been saying the cow might go dry. They might have been saying the mustang they had an eye on went back to the wild bunch, as if they lacked an extra horse they really didn't need. They were saying that Fanning wouldn't come, as if they could get out of here without him, as if . . . as if they *ever* would get out.

Fitch backed away from them until the wall stopped him. He felt the adobe scrape against his shoulders as he pressed there. He looked at them, black against the fire, and heard old Jed laugh. He heard a small sound at his feet. The rest of the meat had slid off the plate. He put the piece still on his fork into his mouth. It was like the hide of a cow. He chewed. It went down in a lump and he coughed.

A FEW seconds later he sensed a movement near him.

"Fitch?"

It was Davy. Fitch stiffened and stopped breathing.

"I know you're there, son, same like I can feel a bear."

"Leave me alone."

Davy was silent a minute. "We're goin' back up. Colonel Bowie wants you to help with the sentries. They might attack tonight."

"No," Fitch said.

"Sure." Davy made like he didn't know how Fitch said that. "After that bombarding today, they figure they got us ready for the kill."

"Everybody here knows they have. What's to stop them—one hundred and seventy men of us agin a whole army with cannons and cavalry and bands, and—"

"A hundred and seventy can be a lot of men, son, when they don't run from noises. Hell, you talk about your stampedes with thousands of cattle and jest a few of you. They made a heap of noise, with the thunder and all, but you didn't let that scare you."

"I could do something."

"You can do something here from now on—beginning now. Let's go."

Fitch had said the wrong thing. What he meant was he knew the stampede would be over sometime. He said, "Davy, if Colonel Fanning don't come, we—we won't get out of here—will we?"

"I never figured we would."

"Then, why did we stay, when we all had a way out? We had days when we could 'a' gone."

"We wanted to show the enemy we wa'n't scared of them. We wanted to show them that when a man fights to be free, he ain't playing horseshoes. We wanted to show them that we still meant what that Mr. Henry from Virginia said when he told the king he'd rather be dead than not free."

"He never told the king that. He said that in a speech in Richmond."

"Well, the king heard about it anyway. And all the kings in the world will hear about this. Yes, suh, they'll hear about us in this little fort—about you, Fitch, who stayed here and fit when you could 'a' run away. Wouldn't that make you proudful?"

BUY WAR BONDS
READ LIBERTY
Gentry

"Just imagine the mess this is going to be when they run out of girdles!"

"Yeh." Fitch looked down.

"Now come along. We got to watch these ramparts so's they don't steal a night march on us."

Fitch followed him through the fire-lit darkness to the ladder. He remembered the first time he had climbed it. He just knew Davy Crockett then and he was excited to be with the bear hunter who had come all the way from Tennessee to Texas to fight with them. He was ashamed, too, because he was no special man with a gun.

But Davy had showed him how to slide his rifle through the opening and train the sights on the cannoneer with the string. "See how sassy he steps up," Davy had said. "He's a bold fellow and he go' come to a full halt before he pulls the string. Then you take your time and squeeze—don't pull—just squeeze a little. That's it."

Fitch had gotten the soldier. He watched him buckle over. Then Fitch yelled. "Don't cheer too soon," Davy said. "Here comes another one." Fitch swung back to get another shot. "No, suh," Davy said. "This one's mine."

That was how Fitch had thought it was all going to be, or else the enemy would charge, and then you'd shoot like shooting a wild bull. That was a long time ago, and since then there had been nothing but the cannons and the waiting. Then the men weren't glamorous the way they seemed at first. They were hard and cold, and they could wait just like a wild cow hiding in the brush.

FITCH reached the top and crawled along behind the rampart. He wished he hadn't thought about the brush. Soon red blossoms would be coming out on the cactus and the mesquite would color. He grabbed Davy.

"That ain't true about us never getting out of here, is it?"

"Son, you ask more questions than I could answer when I make speeches to get elected to Congress. I don't know about nevers. I know about now. Right now you got to watch that army out there."

Fitch turned slowly. He saw the campfires by the river and in the flickering light the guns glinted dully.

Davy said, "Real purty, ain't it?"

"Are you crazy?"

"I see you looking at the sky today like you found it purty."

"That was after the shelling."

"So is this. Keep lookin'."

Fitch didn't know what to look for. He kept remembering things and the lights would blur. He heard the movement of the men below, cleaning muskets, filling powder kegs and shot pouches. It sounded like any camp on any night. It was a restful sound. He started up and peered over the edge. The lights were still there, but dimmer. He had been falling asleep. He fixed his gaze on the brightest fire. He was asleep before it went out.

The guns awakened him at daybreak.

(*Continued on page 38*)

MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

IF YOU'RE A MAN, it's a shine on your shoes . . . the sweet feel of a fly rod in your hand.

It's your favorite pipe . . . your roses . . . that old hat your wife tried to throw away last fall.

If you're a woman, it's a tricky new hair-do maybe . . . or a change of lipstick.

Morale is a lot of little things like that. People can take the big bad things . . . the bitter news, the bombings even . . . if only a few of the little, familiar, comforting *good* things are left.

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that millions of Americans attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer . . . with friends on a warm summer evening . . . with wholesome American food . . . as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

A small thing, surely—not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—morale *is* a lot of little things like this. Little things that help to lift the spirits, keep up the courage.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

A cool, refreshing glass of beer—
a moment of relaxation . . .
in trying times like these they
too help to keep morale up

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

Ingram's
Shaving Cream
Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving while it's wilting your wiry whiskers

COOL shaves
Score a Direct Hit!

IF CLOSE, hedge-hopping shaves and high-level skin comfort are your objectives—try Ingram's! Ingram's wilts your beard so fast, your razor clips through like a propeller through fog. And there's no ceiling to Ingram's COOLNESS. It helps condition your skin for shaving. And your face feels fresh and refrigerated long afterwards—looks smoother, happier, younger-looking. Get Ingram's today—in jar or tube. Expensive? Not by a bombsight.

Product of Bristol-Myers

INGRAM'S
shaving cream

(*Continued from page 36*)

He glanced wildly around. The cold-eyed men were watching, and no one noticed him. He moved quickly and he was all entangled in a blanket. Getting out of it fast, he saw Davy climbing the ladder. Davy saw him at the same time.

"I been getting my bitters," he said. "You'd better get your breakfast. The frolic's about to begin."

Fitch clambered along to the head of the ladder. His head was even with Davy's. He whispered, "But I fell asleep, and I was a sentry."

"Naw. I just made that up about you being a sentry, so you would fall asleep."

Fitch moved aside to let Davy pass. Then he went slowly down the ladder. A shell screamed and burst over the yard. The men ducked against the walls, but Fitch did not. He plowed ahead into the fort, to get what little water was allotted him. He saw Colonel Bowie on the bed, and he looked sick. He had an old sword beside him and he was gazing at it with a sad and wistful expression. Fitch went out.

He stood in the brightening yard and listened to cannons clap. The men had treated him like a baby. They had told him stories at bedtime, like a mammy's lullaby, about kings remembering him. He climbed the ladder and shoved beside Davy.

"I don't take it kindly," Fitch said, "you gettin' me to sleep like that last night."

Davy was peering through a slit out on the plain. "Didn't figure you would."

"And them lies about kings remembering me."

Davy glanced back at him, quick-eyed. "I don't tell lies, boy. *You* remember that."

"And I ain't no boy."

"I'm glad for to hear it, because we need all the men we got today." Davy turned back to the slit. "I wanted you to get some sleep so's you'd be fitten to fight today."

Fitch sulked. He glanced at the men on the rampart. They were more alert than ever before. Occasionally one slid a rifle through and fired.

Fitch said, "Where's Jed?"

"He ain't here."

"Where—" Then he stopped and stared at Davy.

He was easing his own long rifle through. Fitch watched him squint. He watched the lid close down and wrinkles spread under the eye. He watched the sun gleam on his knuckle as he moved his finger back. The single crack was loud and clear.

"What good'll that do?" Fitch asked.

Davy stared through, over his rifle, and nodded with satisfaction.

FITCH said suddenly, "That won't stop them."

"It might l'arn 'em, though, what it means to fight Americans."

"What good will that do us?"

"I don't know rightly what good it'll do you and me, but you know, son, many a dead bear has saved a live one."

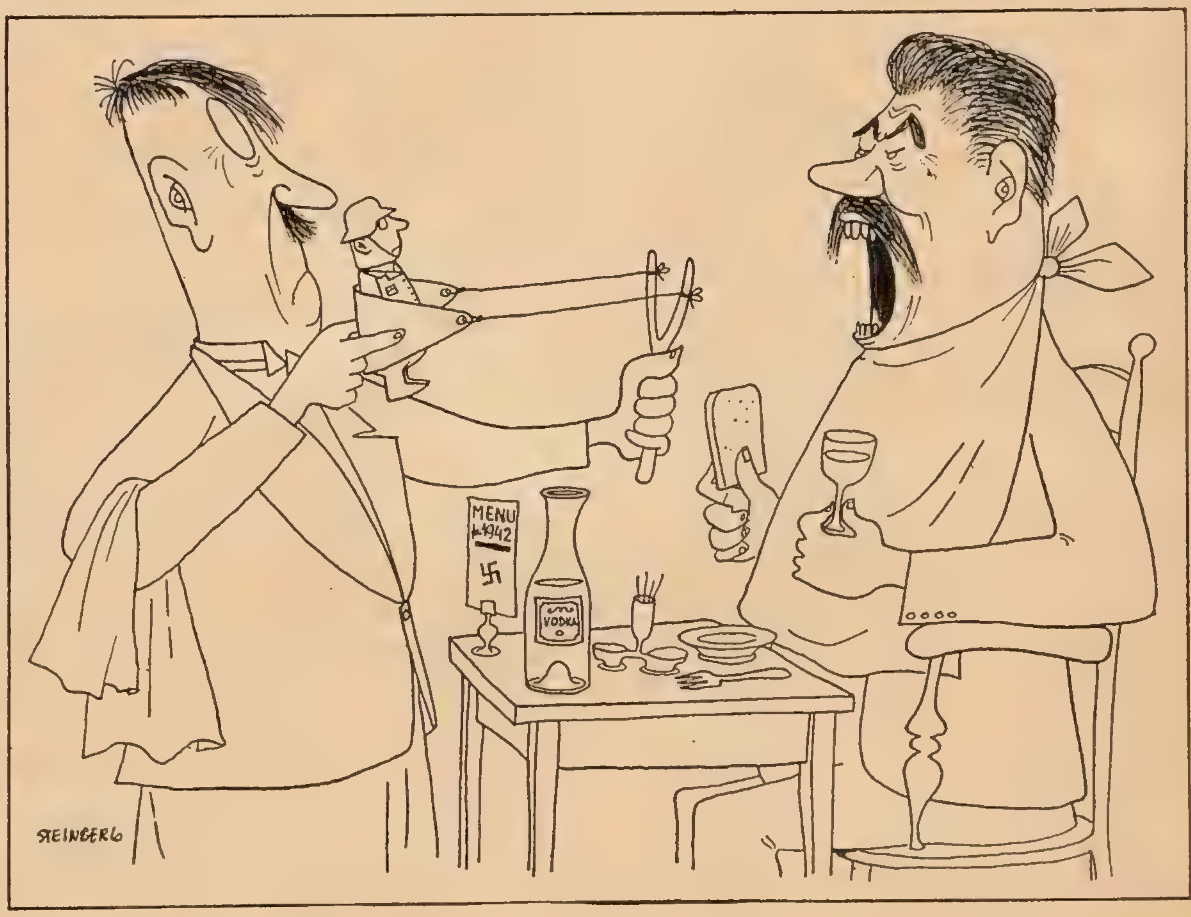
"Who're we go' save?"

"I can't tell you that, but I can tell you about bears. They take so danged much killing that don't nobody go hunting them with sticks. And now, if you do like I'm doing, instead of running off at the mouth, people might get to feel the same way about Texians that we do about bears."

Fitch felt his face getting red. He glanced around again. All the men were firing now, steadily. He slid his own rifle through and peered over the sight. He saw a wall of uniforms sweeping across the prairie.

Davy yelled: "Here they come, son! Now show them that we take a lot of killing too. Be like them wild bulls you been telling me about."

Fitch didn't see when he fired, nor when he reloaded. He just kept hearing *take a lot of killing.* Then here



it was, an end to waiting, but an end to everything. He jammed his rifle through and fired wildly. There were no cannons now. There was yelling outside and the crackle of muskets. The cannons! The cannons! If only they would come back. That meant waiting. . . .

The rampart shook. The yells outside rose up like a howling wind. He heard a crash against a gate. He looked around. The yard was clouded with smoke and dim violent desperate movement. The rampart shook again and he saw the faces of the enemy on the ladder. They were grim men, and determined, and he shrank back, fumbling with the powder horn.

He could hardly see Davy, but he saw the invading soldiers through the swirling smoke as he fumbled with a ball. The noise was rising, louder and more personal than the shelling had been, and more relentless, as if it would increase beyond all noises ever imagined, increase into a world of noise that swallowed you up. He jammed home the ball and fixed the firing pin. Somehow he turned enough to bring the rifle around to take aim at the enemy.

THEY were gone. Davy was on his feet. Blood darkened his cheek. He wavered like a drunken man. He yelled to Fitch, "Come on down!" When Fitch pulled himself up, he staggered too. The rampart was shaking. He lurched half down the ladder and jumped. He could make out nothing in the dust and smoke, and then he fell over a man.

He jumped up fast. Through all the din he heard a new sound above him. The voices were exultant—hunters closing in. Fitch looked. There were more ladders on the rampart now, where he and Davy had been all those days. The faces were bright and triumphant. The eyes were shining. Fitch fired. He did it instinctively and he aimed instinctively. The happy face disappeared.

Fitch reloaded faster than he ever had in his life. They were swarming over the rampart. He picked the ones where he could see them good, the laughing exultant ones. He didn't hear the noise any more. He didn't see anything except the men he picked, and he never missed one. A lot of them got over and jumped down into the yard, to be lost in the smoke. He didn't worry about those. He just kept shooting, as Davy had taught him, just where he had a good shot.

A body lunged heavily against him. He spun, clubbing his rifle.

"It's me, son." Davy's voice sounded as weak as Colonel Bowie's. "Help me inside the fort."

"Now?"

"We're nearly the last ones out here as it is. Time you get me in, the yard'll be full of the other fellows."

Fitch reluctantly moved toward the faint outline of the fort. "You hurt bad, Davy?"

"Only two or three places . . . all light." His voice was weaker and he sagged now.

"The whole neighborhood's laughing at how you're raising that child!"

1. I was amused at my "baby" sister, acting so important with a baby of her own. But when the neighbors started snickering about her pampering the child, I felt I ought to step in. "Sis," I said, "come down to earth about Ted. You're spoiling him with all this 'special' business. Special toys, special soap, special powder . . . even a special *laxative."*

2. Then Sis flared up and called me a back number. "Up-to-date mothers," she said, "know that babies *aren't* just miniature adults. They're *different.* And just as they need special *foods,* they need a special *laxative,* too!"

3. "Why, our own doctor approved Fletcher's Castoria, because it *is* made especially for children. It's mild and gentle . . . and *safe* for a child's delicate system. Yet it's effective and thorough, as a laxative should be."

4. "After all, a medicine strong enough for grown-ups can be *too* strong for a baby's insides. But, even for tiny babies, Fletcher's Castoria isn't 'harsh' or griping. It works gently. Come on along while I get a bottle."

5. The druggist said Sis was right about Fletcher's Castoria. "Its chief ingredient," he told us, "is senna, officially recognized in the U. S. Pharmacopeia. Senna is not habit-forming, and works mostly in the lower bowel."

6. "So," he added, "Fletcher's Castoria doesn't upset a baby's stomach. It works almost naturally, in about 8 to 12 hours, so it won't disturb sleep. I always recommend Fletcher's Castoria . . . in the economical Family Size."

7. Later, I happened to be there when the baby needed a laxative. He took Fletcher's Castoria without a fuss . . . seemed to *love* it. Hmmm. Guess a kid sister can be pretty smart!

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.

Fitch stumbled along with him. He held the old bear hunter closer to him. "Gee, Davy, I'd 'a' made a fool out of myself except for you."

"Naw, wa'n't me. You saw them laughing."

They lurched toward the doorway. "That's a fact, Davy. Never could stand anybody laughing at me . . . not when they thought they had it on me."

Inside, the dim light seemed bright and clear after the smoke outside. He saw some wounded men lying motionless. The other men were not talking. There were just a few of them. This time Fitch did not ask where the others were.

The door splintered behind them and shots beat against it.

"Prop me agin the wall here, son," Davy muttered.

"You ain't got your rifle, Davy."

Davy nodded and worked under his jacket. A long knife gleamed. "This is what I used to fight bears with."

"But these ain't bears."

Davy nodded toward the bed, where Colonel Bowie was propped up. He held his old sword in his hand. He didn't look sad and wistful any more.

"You use what you got," Davy said. "Watch the door, son; it's about to give."

Fitch slowly reloaded. Nobody was talking. They were waiting. Fitch knew this was the last wait. He looked at Davy. Davy was as expressionless as during the hours when he waited on the rampart, only, when he saw Fitch looking at him, he grinned.

Fitch said, "Davy, it was their laughing at us that got me started, but I wouldn't've known how to start but for you."

"Then . . . I'll tell you how to finish, son. . . . I used to know a river boatman named Mike Fink . . . claimed he was half horse and half alligator. . . . When he really got mad, danged if . . . if he didn't fight like that . . . and somehow, nobody had much stummick for fighting Mike when he really got going . . . 'cause . . ."

"Because he took a lot of killing."

Davy grinned again. "You see what I mean . . . about here . . ."

"You mean nobody will ever forget how many of them it took to get such a few of us."

The door crashed in and Fitch reeled back. He hadn't even had a chance to shoot. The gun was heavy in bringing it up. Other rifles were cracking savagely and the pack in the door wavered back. Their own rifles gleamed, and bayonets. Then they came on again. Fitch fired. He saw the one in front topple back, checking the rush.

Then Fitch fell over Davy.

"Son, you ain't no boy now."

Fitch turned just enough to see the dimming face. "Davy, I believe what you said about them remembering us . . ."

Davy drew back, looking beyond him, and raised the knife as high as he could.

". . . Davy! They'll remember the Alamo. . . ."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 28

1—This was the phrase used in connection with the late Graham McNamee's sports broadcasts when the announcer turned the program over to Graham.

2—This is the term being used in Washington to describe the freezing of prices.

3—The fez. The red brimless felt hat is manufactured in Fez, Morocco.

4—The king of diamonds.

5—It is a mythical land in James Hilton's Lost Horizon.

6—Stogies got their name from Conestoga, Pa., where the "Conestoga wagon" was made. Because men smoked cigars in these wagons, cheap cigars came to be called "Conestogas." Finally they were called "stogies."

7—He delivered the famous "Message to Garcia." Arriving in Cuba from Jamaica, he went to General Garcia and gave him President McKinley's message—that the U. S. would help Cuba in the war against Spain.

8—To help us "Remember Pearl Harbor." The first Jap attack on Pearl Harbor started at 7.55 A. M., December 7, 1941.

9—In golf. The term describes the position of a player when there is another ball between his ball and the cup.

10—In the Antarctic, named after an explorer who went over its coast line.

11—It is the board in the New York Stock Exchange where the market reports are recorded.

12—Martinique, in the French West Indies.

13—He should be called major, his new rank since he has been called to help out in World War II.

14—It gets its name from the town of Findon, in Scotland, noted for its smoked haddock, called by the Scots "finnan haddie."

15—Corporations.

16—It is a U-shaped piece of metal which always sounds the same note when struck. It is used in tuning instruments.

17—Elmira College in New York.

18—The light from the volcano, Mauna Loa, which started to erupt. Bombs dropped from planes helped to stem the lava, and the eruption was finally stopped.

19—Morris Gest.

20—Head of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

Lady Fair spurns HOLIDAY HAIR

When swimming leaves your hair a frazzle
Girls like me you'll never dazzle!
Don't use more water! Here's a tip—
Use KREML after every dip!

Poor sunbaked pate! I don't know whether
KREML would have helped you ever.
But KREML massage and proper care
Helps check excessive falling hair.

With hair a wind-tossed, dusty tangle
A date with me you'll never wangle!
And don't think goo makes grooming easy—
Try KREML! Leaves hair smooth—not greasy!

Your KREML hair so neat and smooth
Will keep our romance in the groove!
KREML removes loose dandruff, too—
Once you've used it—no other will do!

Ladies! Kreml keeps coiffures lovely, lustrous . . . conditions your hair both *before* and *after* permanents.

Hair-Care Combination: **Use Kreml Hair Tonic and gentle Kreml Shampoo (made from an 80% olive oil base) that cleanses thoroughly, leaves your hair more manageable. Ask your barber for an application. *Get BOTH at your drugstore.***

DON'T USE WATER USE
KREML
REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
HELPS CHECK EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY— MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Vox Pop

"Voice of the People"

SOMETHING ABOUT THE AMERICAN ATTITUDE

Riverton, Neb.—I consider the editorial in May 23 Liberty, The Penalty of Decency, one of the best on the American attitude that I have read in many a day. It is sensible and fearless.—*George J. Marshall.*

St. Louis, Mo.—I particularly liked the way you handled the subject of "nefarious periodicals" in your editorial The Penalty of Decency. The people who read those periodicals seldom read anything else; and when any one tries to inform them of the truth of the situation they refuse to listen.

But there is no reason to lose hope, with the good work your editorial writers are doing, along with the exposé being made by the better church periodicals.—*Jane Frances O'Connor.*

ATTABOY, DOUBLEYOU DOUBLEYOU EEE!

New York, N. Y.—According to the answer to No. 5 of the May 16 Liberty Twenty Questions, the ideal woman, as determined by a government survey, should be five feet six and one half inches tall and weigh one hundred and twenty-two pounds. The government is wrong.

Anybody who denies this, after seeing the girl I have in mind, is a cockeyed liar. Beauty cannot be determined by a survey. No matter what her weight or how tall she may be, if she's all that I want, she is Venus de Milo to me.—*W. W. E.*

LIBERTY GAL SAYS SHE'S GOING NUTS

San Francisco, Calif.—I've always been one of those "sensible puzzle" solvers and thought Ted Shane slightly off the mental beam until I, all by myself, deciphered a good quarter of Mr. Shane's May 16 effort (he must be slipping!) and nearly burst a gusset over the daffynitions.

Why can't the puzzles be smaller and two to the page—an L. Pasquin for the majority who think Shane is nuts and another for the nuts?—*A Liberty Gal, Miss E. Williams.*

FAITH TRAVELS IN A SAMPLE CASE

Fairfield, Me.—The salesmen who come to my office in the Central Maine Sanatorium represent big concerns. They tell me of the things they observe as they feel the pulse of the world of trade; and almost without exception before they leave they have voiced the same idea: "Mrs. Fletcher, I am not pious and perhaps I might not even be called religious; but I do believe in God, and I do believe God helped us at Bataan and Malta and Corregidor. He heard the prayers of America and answered."

In my office on a wind-swept hill where we fight a war on tuberculosis, they have sold me more than their goods; they have sold me their faith. Who shall say that America is a godless nation?—*Kate R. Fletcher.*

BUT SOME PEOPLE NEVER KNOW THEY'RE INSULTED

Pontiac, Mich.—May I suggest that you dispense with the use of capital letters when printing the names of all European gangsters and traitors within our own borders, for the duration, as a means of further expressing our contempt for them?—*A. A. Frost.*

MUCH OBLIGED FOR THE TIP, TECHNICIAN

Camp Forrest, Tenn.—Question No. 13 in May 23 Liberty was, "How many 'frames'—or still pictures—do you see in one second while watching a motion picture?" The answer was, "Theoretically the number is 16, although it may vary slightly."

This answer would have been correct back in the days of silent projection, but today film passes through the projector at a constant speed of 90 feet per second, with 16 frames (pictures) per foot. Then, by simple calculation, the answer should be 24 frames per second.—*Tech. IV Victor Hawkins.*

THANKS! WE HOPED IT WOULD

Harrisburg, Pa.—Glad to see you're using more comic cartoons in Liberty. That sprinkling of humor adds variety to your magazine and also brings a smile in these arduous times.—*H. L. Hursh.*

ARTY, THIS MAKES IT PRACTICALLY UNANIMOUS!

Los Angeles, Calif.—Would like Arty Reddoh to know that we second his motion *re* these vocalizers ridiculing the old music—May 9 Vox Pop.

Also we are plenty fed up on these big-shot orchestra leaders announcing that they will play their own arrangement of one of the beautiful old pieces, and then proceeding to butcher it.

Just wouldn't know what it was if they hadn't told us.—*J. H. Faler.*

WE ADMIT IT WAS PRETTY NICE

Topeka, Kan.—The Liberty cover for May 16 is a picture of a mother and her two sons. I look at it time and time again. There is something so refreshing about it.—*M. C. King.*

LIKE OYSTERS? PLANT YOURSELF A PUMPKIN

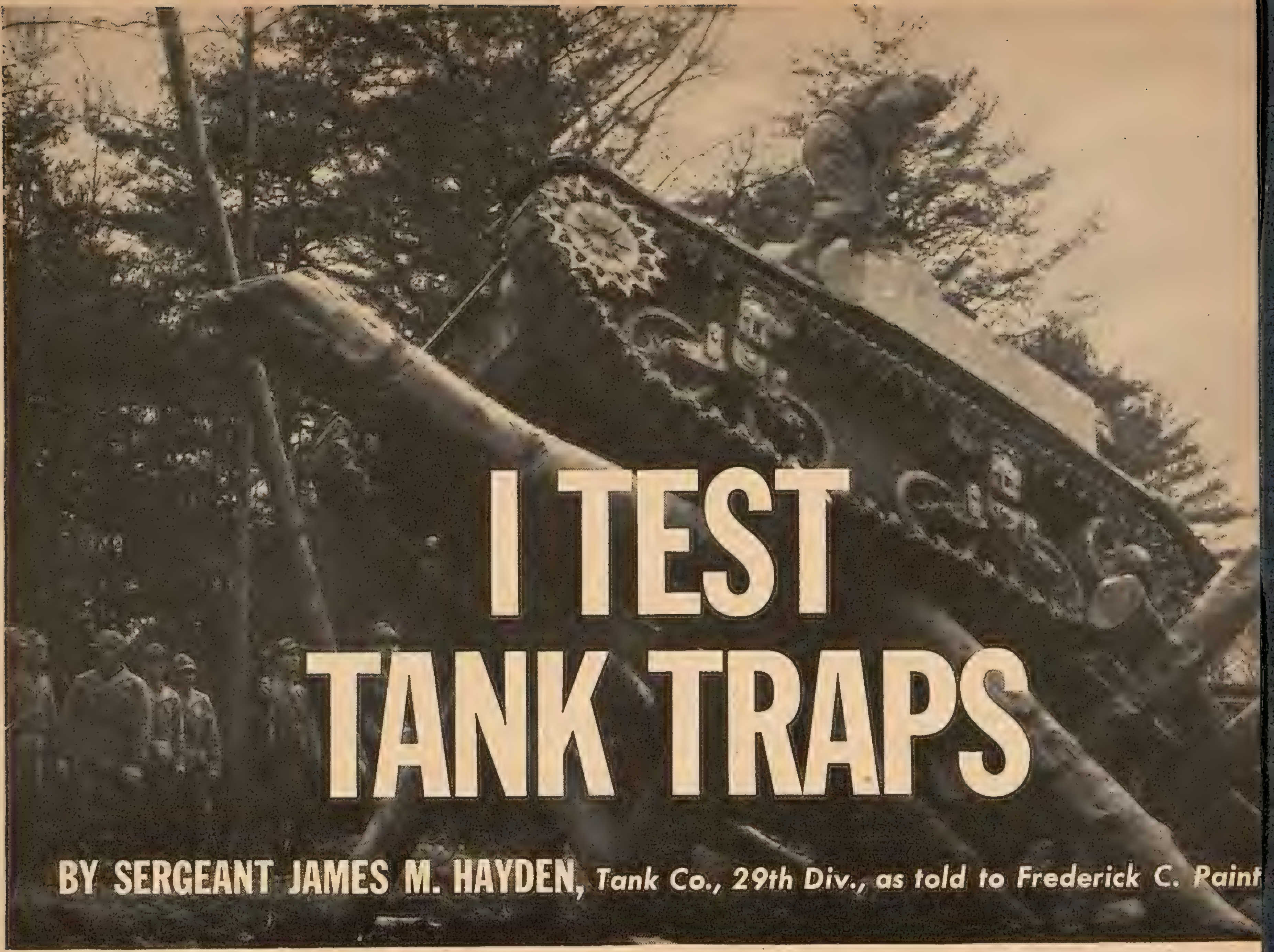
Clinton, Ill.—Here is an idea that will save many tons of meat. For many years farm people and those of us who live in the smaller cities have been eating the blooms from pumpkins.

They are cooked exactly as fried oysters or mushrooms and have a taste very similar to oysters. They are prepared by dipping into a batter of egg and cracker crumbs, or milk and cracker crumbs, and fried to a nice brown. I prefer the milk batter.

They must be picked early in the morning before the sun wilts them. The stems and bottom of the blooms are, of course, removed, and they will keep for two days in an icebox. I have my pumpkin blossoms every morning for breakfast.—*H. E. Smith.*

THAT MONIKER OF OURS

New Bedford, Mass.—Why not call us "Unitedstaticians"? Rather a long name, but we'll have more time for writing after we win this war.—*Leila Stedenfeld.*



I TEST TANK TRAPS

BY SERGEANT JAMES M. HAYDEN, *Tank Co., 29th Div., as told to Frederick C. Paint*

Stuck! The center log held up the tank, and the treads pawed air.

War brings a *new* kind of job! It's a back-breaking battle of wits and jolts

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

ON a cold gray morning in January at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, I got my first look at the tank obstacles and traps I had come to the Engineers Replacement Training Center to test; and I don't mind admitting my jaw dropped six inches. Captain C. R. Daman, who directs the obstacle area, saw my eyes pop and grinned.

"Think you can knock it flat, sergeant?"

I jumped down from the turret of my light tank and took a closer look. A platoon of rookie engineers was manhandling logs twenty inches thick and longer than telephone poles, and, urged on by noncoms, was piling and tying them with half-inch steel cable into a barricade. It was at least five feet high. And three more huge logs, looking like a three-pronged spear, pointed directly at me. The idea was to spear my tank and turn it over or to slow up my smash at the main obstacle. Tough? It looked deadly.

Just in time, I remembered that no trap tester had ever refused to hit any obstacle.

"I don't know, sir," I replied, "but I'd sure like to give it a whirl."

"Good." He glanced at his wrist watch. "The platoon still has two minutes to go. Look it over."

In this game of war that we tank drivers and engineers play, the training platoons are given exactly one hour and a half to build a road obstacle or trap strong enough to stop our smash. I walked down to the obstacle feeling about as you would feel if somebody told you to ram a pile of telephone poles at thirty miles an hour with your motorcar.

A closer examination didn't help me, either. This platoon had constructed three hurdles in front of the obstacle. These were two to three feet high, built on an angle, to turn me over or throw me off the road. They were nicely spaced so that I couldn't use them as a jump-off to hit the sawtooth ramp while in the air.

The red-faced sweating engineers paused to give me the horse-laugh.

"Two to one, sergeant," one yelled, "you don't put your sardine can through that block!"

"They ain't made a steel bathtub we can't stop!" called another.

There is always this rivalry between tank drivers and engineers, and their jeers helped calm the butterflies under my belt. "Dig the dirt out of your hairy ears," I said with a grin, "so you'll hear the sound when I knock that matchbox cockeyed."

I walked back to my tank, knowing that despite a short runway I must have momentum and power to smash through the obstacle.

"You got to make it," I told myself. "They can't stop you dead."

That reminded me that the sergeant whom I was replacing was in the hospital in a plaster cast with a fractured vertebra. A trap had stopped *him* dead—or not far short of it.

A WHISTLE shrilled. The engineer lieutenant ordered his men off the block, told them, no matter what happened to the tank, they were to stand quiet.

"O. K., sergeant," called Captain Daman. "Button her up and slam it."

I slid into the seat. Technician Ralph Elliott fastened the turret tops, closed the front plates. Blackness now, except for the narrow vision slit through the armor.

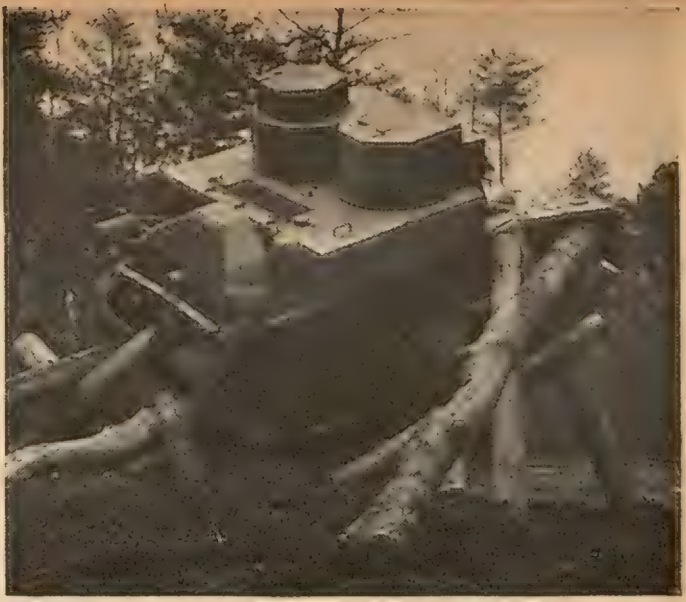
I saw Raleigh Boaze go down near the hurdles, carrying a fire extinguisher. There was one near my hand, but in case the tank turned over, caught fire, and I got knocked cold, they could control the flames and get me out unbroiled.

Last-minute check. Safety belt

U. S. ENGINEER CORPS PHOTOS

ral Boaze and Sergeant Hayden.

Making an obstacle. The tank smashed it flat.



This tank, reared up on obstacles, was stopped.

tight. Old-style tank helmet firm to protect my skull. Then Corporal Bob Weaver waved his hand. O. K.! This was it.

I gave the foot siren a punch and it screamed a warning. I threw the clutch, got into second gear, and the tank began to blitz. Immediately I was no longer nervous. I felt fine. Nothing could stop this baby!

Swiftly I got her into fourth gear with maybe twenty-five yards to go to the nearest hurdle. I got a tight grip on the two control levers. The speedometer needle hit twenty-five! Thirty! The obstacle, big as a mountain now, blocked out all else.

Wham!

A heavy weight thrust on my shoulder. The world vanished. All I could see through my slit was blue sky and lovely clouds. The tank had hit the hurdle, was nose up in the air. Crash! The second hurdle. A reeling world. Was she going to turn over? I braced instinctively, jammed the accelerator pedal to the floor. I remember saying, "Come on, baby, don't let me down." But I couldn't have heard my own voice. The roar of the 250 horses of radial motor inside that tank would have drowned out the thunder of Judgment Day.

NOW, for a split second, the tank was level. The deadly spear points of logs rushed at me. A rumbling crash. One log end had caught the door plate on the right side, had torn it off and started to come through the hole. Then it vanished. The inside was full of light. The tank was pawing up the air. She lurched over on her side, one tread grabbed at thin air. She flopped back with a smash as a log gave way. The safety belt sawed at my waist. The tank was pushing a log with her turret, and it blocked my vision. I could see nothing and guided her by the seat of my pants. Now a tread was spinning on air. I pulled the right control lever to give more power to the contact tread.

Another log gave way behind. I seemed to be on my back. Was she going to turn over backward? The rubber pad on the slope plate jumped at my chin. The tank had stopped with a smash. Level but not moving. I poured on the coal. A full 1,800 r.p.m. But both treads apparently were clawing the air. I was stopped!

The engineer platoon was cheering and yelling and laughing. A few of them were pretending to aim a .37-millimeter antitank gun to blow me and the tank to bits. Now I could see that the tank's belly rested on a huge log that held her high so the treads had no traction.

Captain Daman was grinning. "Tough luck, sergeant! If you could have dodged that center log you could have gone through." And he went off to explain to the engineer lieutenant the good and bad qualities of the obstacle.

Since that morning I have tested hundreds of tank traps and obstacles. It's quite a sight, I guess, because a lot of high officers and civilians come to see it. Recently one of these civilians rushed up to me as I climbed down off an obstacle that had left my tank perched twelve feet up in the air. His face was pale, his eyes staring.

"Good Lord, sergeant!" he gasped. "That's the most terrifying spectacle I ever witnessed. How often do you do it?"

I explained that this was the job of my eight drivers and myself. We did it four and five hours every day the engineers asked for us.

He shook his head.

"You risk your lives five hours a day—every day! For heaven's sake, why?"

Here is what I told him:

TANK obstacles and tank traps are used both defensively and offensively. Suppose an attacking army commander, taking his troops along a main highway, wanted to be sure that the enemy could not use parallel roads on either side to drive in with a tank force and flank him. He would assign engineers to put in road blocks and tank traps that must stop them. The engineers would seek out a defile—a place on the road where steep embankments or slopes prevent the tanks from going around. Here tank traps can be made by blowing deep craters in the road, or if there is near-by woodland, various types of log obstacles can be built.

Suppose the commanding officer should decide to blow a crater. How could he be certain it would trap and stop a tank?

Just a few weeks ago some congressmen and high officials from Washington were down to witness such a test. The crater was seventeen feet in depth and twenty-one feet across. The defense side was so steep that once the tank plunged into the crater, it could not paw down enough earth to pull out. Also, if the tank couldn't leap the gap, it would go, nose down, into solid earth. And the terrific shock of an instantaneous stop from thirty miles an hour would probably injure or kill the driver and disable the tank. It was up to me and my light tank to see what would happen.

THE ground was dry and there was a slight down grade. As against this, however, the side of the crater toward the enemy was not built up but sloped in, so the tank could not get a jumping take-off. This was a problem of speed and momentum.

I was making thirty-six miles an hour when the tank reached the lip of the crater. Those who watched said later that the tank seemed to hang in the air, not rising. I had the sensation she wouldn't make it. I felt myself trying mentally to lift her. There was a terrific rocking crash—but two feet or so of her treads reached the mound on the other side. I had the accelerator to the floor. She stood on her tail, but the treads grabbed and shot her over to safety.

This proved one fact: a road crater twenty-one feet wide will not stop a tank unless you put hurdles or obstacles in front of it to prevent the tank getting full momentum for the jump.

Suppose there was no woodland, and an officer charged with rear-guard defense had no dynamite. Suppose, though, he had yanked up a couple of miles of railroad track to spoil the railroad for the enemy, and he decided to make an antitank "asparagus bed" of steel rails. Offhand you'd think that heavy steel rails planted eight to ten feet deep in the ground, with four feet protruding straight up, would stop any tank. Particularly when the rails' ends were close together.

Actually, it was a deadly-looking

obstacle that was easy. As I smashed the tank at the rails their thinness knifed through the earth. They bent forward before the shock and the tank plowed through with comparative ease. The lesson? That no steel asparagus bed is as good a tank stopper as a bed made of wooden posts six to ten inches thick.

If there is woodland near by and the officer decides upon a log barricade, what type is sure to stop a tank?

A few weeks ago, an engineer officer designed a log block that copied precisely in wood a steel obstacle that had proved very effective. To protect it and slow up the tank's charge, he had four hurdles in front, five feet high. His platoon had worked swiftly and well, enthusiastic at the idea of stopping our tank.

Corporal Boaze was driving that day, and he and I looked over the obstacle when the time limit was up.

"Heck," said Raleigh, "I'd take a kiddie car through that!"

Some of the engineers overheard him. "Yeah?" they chorused. "Two to one you land on your sitzen-platz."

BUT what happened? The four hurdles were so spaced that Raleigh, working his tread-lever controls, avoided two of them, put his treads over the other two, and with undiminished speed hit those triangular tetrahedron log blocks like a thunderbolt. The logs skyrocketed or shot under the treads and he rambled right through.

The lieutenant's face was glum; the platoon had a dazed look. But they learned that this was one obstacle design that *won't* stop a tank; they saw the terrible power of even a light tank. They'll be trying twice as hard next time with a better design.

When tank-trap testing was first begun at Fort Belvoir (the only place in the country, at the moment, where it is done) the traps and obstacles were so easy that we were rarely stopped. Learning the realistic way, the engineers now make them very tough indeed. One day recently we hit eight—with daring drivers like Raleigh Boaze and Corporal Weaver—and our tanks were stopped cold.

To understand just what "stopped cold" means, take the experience of my predecessor, Sergeant Bill Cochran of the Lightning First of Fort Knox, Kentucky.

The rookie platoons had worked like beavers on the job Bill was to test. They had not only built three tough hurdles and an asparagus bed but had also constructed a v-type crib obstacle which consists of an arrow-shaped pile of logs with the point aimed at you. Behind that was a sawhorse or ramp type, where the tank is supposed to get hung up on its belly with no traction for treads.

It was a dry day; the runway was fine, downhill slightly, and about a third of a mile long. When Bill set his siren screaming and took off, he had top speed in a few yards. He was making a full thirty-six miles an hour when he struck the first hurdle—going so fast, indeed, that the medium tank leaped ten feet in the air as it hit the first hurdle.

It stayed in the air for thirty-one feet (we measured it later) and entirely jumped the asparagus bed. It skimmed the crib and came down on the sawhorse.

There was a terrific crash like a clap of thunder. The ground actually trembled. One instant that twenty-one tons of steel was racing at thirty miles an hour. The next, it was stopped still. We raced up and got the turret unbuttoned.

Bill said, "That hurdle shock knocked the blasted ignition switch off. I didn't have any power. Let me take another whack at her."

But he didn't. The terrific jolt of hitting what amounted to a concrete wall had fractured a vertebra in his back. But he's out of a plaster cast now, and he's raring to drive again.

Sometimes the simplest obstacles are the toughest. An asparagus bed flipped a tank after it had crashed the toughest crib. The driver, Private George Hice, got out, swearing. "I threw a tread. Get me another tank and I'll eat that asparagus without salt."

Besides actual test of traps, there are other reasons why this tanks-versus-engineers game is important. Chief of these is the effect on the engineer rookies getting trained. Morale!

Imagine yourself a raw recruit, and that part of your training is to labor for hours with mallet and saw, peavey and ax, to make of enormous logs an obstacle supposed to stop a thirty-ton tank. Suppose when you've finished the job the noncoms say, "O. K., men. Now tear her down, and let's leave the road like we found it."

You might think a lot of things: All this work for nothing, or, Well, that's out of the way. Or you might think your obstacle would surely stop a tank, but think so without ever knowing.

The rookies don't think that way now. They know their work is to be put to the ultimate spectacular test. They make a game out of it; swear they'll stop the sardine cans. They're eager, enthusiastic, excited, working all-out in the race against time. There's competition between platoons. They like to bet on which one's job will stop the tank. And when, with popping eyes, they watch the roaring charge of the sardine can, they *know* the terrific power of an enemy tank. You should hear them shout and cheer when they win, see their glum faces when they lose.

JUST the other day, to add war realism to the test and show the engineers they should use land mines on their obstacles, the approach to the obstacle had hidden charges of one-pound chunks of TNT. When these are used, or magnesium mines are, we drivers usually try to hit them one tread at a time. But a slanting slippery hurdle threw Raleigh's tank. He hit the TNT simultaneously with both treads. The flashing explosion was stunning. The tank actually lifted a bit off the ground. The two holes blown in the earth were a foot and a half deep.

"Jeepers!" gasped a rookie engineer. "A man would walk a long way and pay admission to see *that!*"

A near-by soldier laughed and pointed to the rookie's ax.

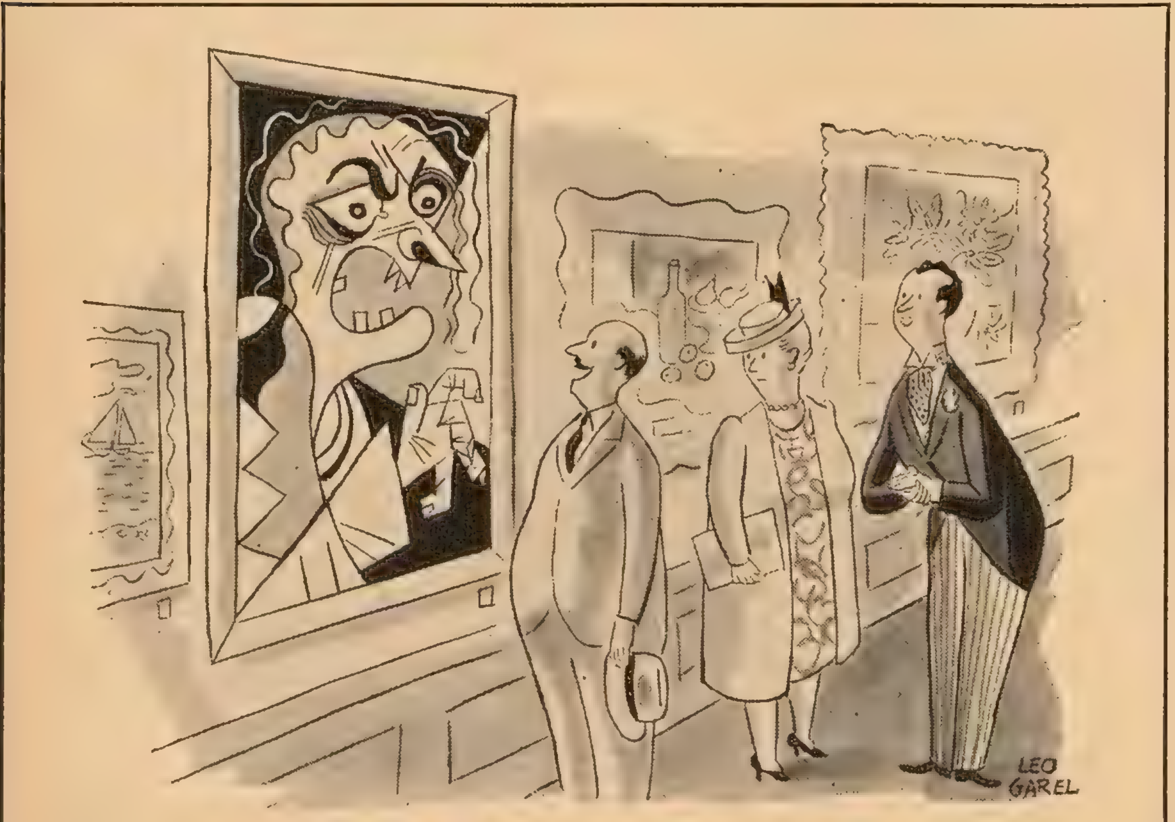
"You paid your admission with that, soldier."

The tank, despite the TNT, had crashed through the hurdle.

The rookie said, "Next time we'll build her ten times as strong."

For my money, that's one of the greatest benefits from the tank-trap-testing schedule.

Men new to war must learn the hard way. Just recently a pontoon bridge was built, supposed to be able to carry the weight of light tanks. I



"Look, dear, something for the guest room!"

took one look and saw it wasn't built properly. But the makers had to be shown. I drove the tank onto the bridge. It promptly collapsed and dumped me neck-high into some five feet of water. The cooling fan of the engine acted as a self-bailer for the engine housing, and I poured on the coal and drove out of there. The new pontoon bridge *will* hold light and medium tanks if correctly built.

Dangerous work? Well, Bill Cochran's back is the worst casualty yet. There have been a few split chins and wrenched muscles and bruised bones. Recently a log end came through a door plate and Sergeant Simms did a fast duck. But the chief hazard is the tank catching fire. We frequently turn upside down on the turret; it's always happening just as we're throwing a tread. And when we're turned turtle, the two turret exits are blocked and usually the tank is nose down, which cuts off escape through the front doors and slope plates.

So if the terrific collision shock should break a fuel line and spray aviation gasoline on a radial motor, we'd make a nice bonfire.

That's why we have a spare tank to jerk the turtle over, and have men with extinguishers outside to hold back the fire for a rescue.

Sure we're guinea pigs. *Our* driving gets tested and so do our tanks. Maybe that's why our mascot is Elvira, a sorrel guinea pig which stays in the barracks at the foot of Raleigh Boaze's bunk. We experiment on him (the name was given before we found out it was a him), and as long as Elvira keeps healthy and gentle, we know everything is jake.

WE have become better drivers for the experience. The casualties are far between nowadays. And of course we've all passed the tough tank driver's test—you know, the one where they test you for quick reflexes, balance, resistance to dizziness, width of vision (on account of the narrow vision slit when a tank is buttoned up), and ability to gauge swiftly the relation of two objects to each other.

When a tank takes off and you go out of this world into the blue sky, you've got to handle your balance by instinct, maneuver by feel, and learn to know what a tank will do by looking at the terrain.

On a recent jump in which his tank was in the air only a split second, Technician Ralph Elliott changed from fourth to third gear, and never knew he had done it.

Finally, you get to know tanks and what they'll take. You have a fierce pride in them. They're tough, they'll take anything, go anywhere. And you get a lot of pride in yourself. We have never refused to hit any trap. We never will.

Man, O man, when Captain Daman says, "Sock her," and I punch the siren and pour on the oil, no bunch of hairy engineers who ever lived could stop me and my tank.

THE END

"We're saving her looks as well as her tires!"

"Lizzie must last," said the Little Woman grimly and handed me a pint of Johnson's Carnu. That was a cue to drop my putter. True, I know the facts of car life—road scum, squashed bugs and dirt destroy the finest automobile enamel—but it looked like *work*. I started cleaning.

Clean as a whistle—bright as a dime—describes how our bus looked after that first Carnu shampoo! And so *easy*—you could have knocked me over with a birdie. Carnu cleans and polishes in *one* application and in *half* the time. All I did was rub Carnu on just hard enough to loosen the dirt—let it dry—wipe clean. Brother, it *sparkled!*

Life with Mother is easier now— and I've learned to hold off car enamel deterioration! Johnson's Carnu removes the damaging dirt—yes, and an occasional coat of Johnson's Auto Wax will make your Carnu polish *last longer* . . . save car washings. Auto supply stores, service stations and regular wax dealers have Johnson's Carnu and Auto Wax. If you can't get Johnson's Auto Wax, regular Johnson's Wax will do a good job. *All* Johnson's Wax Polishes provide positive protection.

Tune in Fibber McGee and Molly—
Tuesday nights—NBC

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Your car looks like new
—when you use CARNU!

Made by the makers of Johnson's Wax

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOT

Loretta Young has a special talent for remembering names.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

YOU might be called to the microphone almost any time these days. Hearing what Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public and family have to say is an important part of our government's plan to maintain national morale. With that fact in mind, I have picked up professional tips for you from a lady whose business it is to guide radio amateurs. She is lovely Madonna-eyed Helen Sioussat, one of the prettiest women I know, and one of the smartest. Helen directs the Department of Radio Talks for Columbia Broadcasting.

She says: "All the people who hear you over the air ought to feel that they're listening to a friend. . . . Rehearse your radio talk at home. Cut it short when they begin to wriggle in their chairs. If you bore folks who love you, you will bore the public quicker." . . . Use a stop watch to time yourself, if you can afford one. Good stop watches cost from about $12 to about $25. . . . Try to talk intimately. Talk into the mike as though you were talking to a close pal over the phone. Don't put on company airs. Try not to weave back and forth. Stand still in front of the mike. Take deep, quiet breaths. Never get excited. However passionate you may feel about your subject, do not permit yourself to get hot and bothered. You'll lose audience sympathy if you do. The home folks will say, "My stars, what a tantrum she's in!"—and they'll forget what you're talking about.

SOVIET Ambassador Maxim Litvinov likes to lunch privately once in a while with a few trustworthy newspapermen among whom he can be free and easy. At one such luncheon, arranged by Michel Pobers, French journalist now in exile here, all present were startled to see the menu featuring Strawberries Romanov—named for the Russian royal family that Litvinov helped dethrone! It gave him a big laugh, for he has plenty of humor. Romanov strawberries are soaked an hour in port wine, then served with sugar and whipped cream flavored with vanilla. June is the month for 'em.

NOW we have *Persian Rummy,* a four-handed pastime reported to be as brainworthy as contract bridge. Ely Culbertson tells how to play it in his new book, Culbertson System of Playing Gin Rummy. (Published by the David McKay Company, Philadelphia. Book costs 50 cents.)

AT one of those mob-scene cocktail parties, attended by so many guests they couldn't all be introduced to one another, I watched Loretta Young's social skill. She was the star attraction, so most of the mob met her. Her talent for remembering names was wonderful. While they flocked around her, *she* introduced them to each other. Tired toward the end, she went to sit in a corner. Near by sat a new arrival—a girl who obviously didn't recognize Loretta. They chatted. Later I asked the girl if she knew whom she'd been talking with. "Heavens, no!" the girl said. "I told her my name, and all she said was: 'My name is Young.'"

WE'RE told that new devices for better living and for comfort must not be neglected in the rush of war work; that American ingenuity must be encouraged in every way, since it is essential to our war effort as well as to future progress. . . . A new one-piece percolator of pyrex glass, with a built-in air vent, is said to bring true at last the dream of perfect, faultless coffee. . . . A scientifically curved sheet of padded plastic has been designed to sleep on for the relief of backaches. . . . New on the market is an attractive ruby-crystal cake plate with transparent cover of washable, stainproof acetate.

HONEY Top Cake is a complete dessert, and a sugar saver. The Colorado lady who gave me the recipe says she inherited it from her New England grandma. It's a grand old-fashioned treat. . . . Cream 1 cup sugar with ½ cup butter; add 3 egg yolks and beat till very light. Mix in 1¼ cups flour sifted together with 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup milk, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind. Bake 20 to 25 minutes, using round cake pan. Let cool slightly. Split, and spread bottom layer generously with nutmeg-flavored whipped cream. For the top, bring 1½ cups honey to a boil with 2 tablespoons butter; cook 5 minutes; allow to cool. Pour half of this over the cake and sprinkle with 4 tablespoons chopped nuts. Let stand half an hour, then pour on remaining honey and serve.

I GUESS everybody who plays tennis has wondered from time to time how the word love got into the score. A language scholar of my acquaintance informs me the word egg would be more correct. Several hundred years ago, he says, when tennis originated in France, the French word for egg, *l'oeuf,* was employed in scoring to represent a zero. *L'oeuf* fifteen, *l'oeuf* thirty, etc., meant egg fifteen, egg thirty. But to English-speaking people who imported the sport of tennis from France the word *l'oeuf* looked and sounded more like love than egg, so that's the way it has stayed. O. K. by me. Love's more fun than eggs any day!

CUSHION JOB

Continued from Page 13

"Rather a difficult feat even for a guy like Prien, who got the Royal Oak. This isn't Scapa Flow. We don't rely here on a submarine net. It's an oddity, but, as a matter of fact, keeping subs out of Upper Bay is the army's job. They have hydrophone and supersonic equipment at Fort Hamilton, and on the opposite side of the Narrows. They can detect any passing ship, surface or submerged, and follow its progress on an illuminated board not unlike a remote-controlled football board, where you can see the game even though you're not at the Stadium."

"What does the army do then?" Steve asked, changing back to the original subject. "Inform patrol craft?"

"Not at all. They press a button just as soon as the sub reaches the correct area. You understand, Ferris, everything here is mined. But these are observation mines. They are too deep to be swept, and they are electrically controlled. An observer fires them when, as, and if he wishes, from a ground post."

It was a queer feeling to think you were sailing seaward right over a mine field that could blow you to kingdom come, and no way of sweeping *them* up.

OFF Coney Island they found the ocean. The whitecaps showed plainly on the eastern bearing from Sandy Hook. The Hawk began to roll. She rolled very easily, with a heavy fore-and-aft motion besides. She was blunt-bowed and round-bellied, so that she smashed the seas white when she pitched, and the crash was hard.

Steve fought his queaziness, the damp, strengthless feeling which tried to slither through him. He gritted his teeth and met it instead of retiring to the cabin. He stayed on deck, although it was chilly, and after they had reached open, beating out toward Ambrose Lightship, the Long Island shore growing vague and dirty to the north, he felt better. Head on, the Hawk pitched precipitately, but she did not roll. Steve didn't mind the pitching. He could take that well. It was the beam motion that bothered him.

They raised the blimp before either the Tern or the Lightship. They could see the blimp hovering in the east, and suddenly it scooted southeast, growing dimmer. Simultaneously the radioman said, "Distress call on six hundred meters, sir."

"Let's have it," said Steve.

A freighter off Asbury Park reported a periscope sighted astern, feared an enemy submarine was pursuing her. Steve took it up to the bridge and delivered it to Commander Deming.

"Uh-huh," said Deming. "Wondered why the rubber cow lit out so suddenly. Well, she'll take care of it, although it's probably a floating spar of some sort. The Germans are finicky about daylight raiding. Much too precarious these days."

IT MADE A CITY FAMOUS

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BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

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Wartime's *EXTRA* walking soaks feet in perspiration—

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ATHLETE'S FOOT

Walk more—perspire more! Athlete's Foot fungi breed on excessive perspiration, grow twice as fast. When the skin cracks they get in and invade living tissue. Pain when you walk, severe itching, inflamed toes, flaking skin—all tell you Athlete's Foot has struck!

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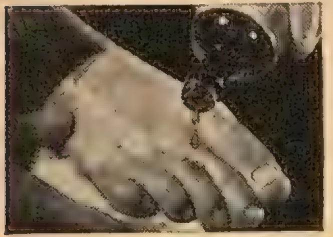
Spread your toes apart tonight! At the first sign of a crack, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr., full strength. Repeat daily night and morning. Remember, Absorbine Jr. is the national favorite in relieving Athlete's Foot.



1. **Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact*.**
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
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ABSORBINE JR.

KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON CONTACT!

ALSO QUICK RELIEF FOR: Sore, aching muscles—Tired, burning feet, Sunburn—Bites of mosquitoes and other small insects.

"Tern sighted, sir," said the lookout.

"What does she signal?"

Steve watched the blinker light flickering on and off and he read the message as the signalman did: "Mine destroyed. Four mines swept in lower channel en route sea this A. M."

"Oho," said Deming. "Monkey business. Four mines swept, eh? Some nice little submersile has been at work. Where there are four there are twenty. We've got work today. Make the signal, 'Parallel formation course one one oh for five mile sweep.'"

The signalman went to work. Deming turned to Steve. "By the way, Ferris," he said quietly, "you dropped this in my cabin this morning when you delivered the radio message."

He handed Steve the crumpled letter. The letter from Ferris, Sr. It had been smoothed neatly and folded. Steve took it, feeling his blood rushing into his face and ears. He knew he was scarlet. Deming had read it. Of course Deming had read it. He wasn't the sort of guy who read other people's letters, but he couldn't have helped reading this one. It hadn't even been in an envelope. Steve glanced at it. The line "The time for cushion jobs is past" stood out plainly. He jammed it into his pocket. "Thank you, sir," he said with a note of bitterness.

"Mine up!" bellowed the lookout on the port wingtip.

Deming moved to port and looked down with his binoculars. You didn't need binoculars. Steve saw the black horn-studded mine which had bobbed to the surface out where the paravane followed its path through the sea. The mine showed only a small part of itself, but it was an evil-looking instrument with its baroque horns. "The pleasure is yours, Stanton," the skipper informed the gunnery officer.

STANTON, a lean, smiling young ensign, stepped out on the wingtip and sighted on the floating mine with his Enfield .30 rifle. He fired one shot. After a moment the mine sank, bubbling faintly as it did so. Steve marveled at the shooting. He had never seen Stanton miss, or strike a horn by mistake. The idea was not to blow up the mine by knocking off a horn. You only had to puncture the buoyancy chamber and it would drop to the bottom.

U. S. S. Tern had fallen in with them now, off to starboard and astern a bit, so that her port paravane's field overlapped the starboard paravane field of the Hawk. The sweep proceeded due east, along the lane through which the ships came in, hungry for material.

"Will you want me here, sir?" Steve asked.

"Not a bit," Deming said, without turning around.

Very pointed. Steve left and returned to the shack. Very pointed indeed. Deming had read it. Deming thought he was a bum. He sat down, shivering a little, tried to look cool and composed when Stark, the radioman, turned around and stared at him.

"Distress signal on six hundred meters, sir. S O S. That sub got her. Shelling her."

Steve rang the bridge—he didn't want to go up there again. He reported the intelligence. Deming said, "A pity. Well, perhaps that K2 bag will get there before anything tragic happens. She's still afloat. And the army probably sent off a B26 for the fun." He rang off.

Why do I give a damn? Steve wondered moodily. What difference does it make to me if Deming did read it? It wasn't any of his business; but even if he did, that shouldn't make any difference. I don't care what he thinks of me. I'd tell him it all to his face if I had to. I'm nobody's hero. Nobody really wants to die. They're handed it. Some guys just wave the flag because they're stuck. Some guys haven't got the nerve to come out and be honest about it. And I have.

"*MINE fouled!*" bawled the starboard lookout in a voice of terror that carried over the whole ship like a klaxon. "Mine fouled! Stand clear!"

Steve leaped from the shack onto the deck. He saw it off to starboard, the horror of any mine-sweeping man. There was a milky commotion in the sea at the end of the towline. The paravane was forced up to the surface by the frantic buoyancy of the mine it had encountered. The cutting jaw had severed the mooring cable of the mine and the cable had wrapped itself around the paravane. In the struggle, the paravane's delicate instruments failed to function, she lost her depth, and her rudders showed. The weight of the mine pulled her in toward the beam of the ship.

The Hawk shuddered as her engines stopped, then reversed, bringing her to a slow halt. Every rivet in her shook in its mounting. Steve ran to the bridge, found the skipper and the officers watching that fouled mine bug-eyed. "She's sweeping in to us," Deming snapped. "Take up the slack on the winch. She's drifting into the beam. Take it up on the winch and pull the mess forward!"

On the foredeck, the starboard winch squealed as it rolled over, taking up the towline cable and pulling the paravane and fouled mine closer to the bow.

"No use!" Deming cried. "Stanton, you wouldn't like a shot?"

Steve saw the gunnery officer was white. "I'd hate to take the chance, sir, but I'm willing. You'd have to ax the towline so that the mine could sink. Otherwise the towline will swing it under us when the air goes out!"

"Take a shot at her," Deming snapped. "But mind the horns, for God's sake. If you hit a horn now, we're finished, this close. The whole ship will go up."

Stanton went out on the wingtip with the rifle and took aim. He was shaking. He lowered the gun.

Steve said suddenly, "I'll take a shot at it, sir. I'm not afraid."

"Thanks," said Deming. "I'd rather

have a man who is. No offense, Ferris. Get forward; see that the boatswain axes that towline as soon as Stanton fires."

Stanton fired while Steve was running forward. It was a miss. Stanton, trying to be terribly careful, fired short at the submerged bulk of the black mine, and the bullet sent up a geyser of water just ahead of the tangle. He saw Stanton steadying for another shot. He called to the bo'sun, "Part that cable if he hits it!" And the bo'sun said, "Aye, aye, sir," smartly. his face white. He had taken the ax from the machinist mate himself, and he held it poised.

"Mine up!" the lookout bellowed then. "Mine up in the foul! Stand clear!"

Steve looked, and his heart fell into his stomach. This is it, he said to himself. This is the business. A second mine had cut its mooring cable against the taut towline and popped to the surface. Instead of being jockeyed out toward the tangled paravane, it just floated there off the starboard bow, no more than fifteen feet away. Deming couldn't move his ship now at all. The slightest motion was fraught with peril, and the east wind, piling up the short tumbling seas, would quickly send that mine over the interval which separated the ship from it.

Commander Deming made his instantaneous decision. The klaxon wailed and the order "Abandon ship" ran through the Hawk. Up on the bridge, the blinker flashed its message to the Tern, which was lolling far off to starboard: "You are standing into danger. Fouled mine. Keep clear. Abandoning ship here. Stand by to pick up survivors."

The boats to port were lowered and the crew piled into them in orderly fashion. Everybody was scared, but everybody was amazingly calm, considering the time element. There wasn't much time. Steve and the other officers stood by, entering boats at Deming's command. Steve found himself in the last boat with the skipper, who had checked his ship thoroughly to make certain no one had been left aboard. Then the six lifeboats rowed to the west toward the Long Island shore, while the Tern skirted the Hawk widely and came around on the other side, paravanes pulled in short.

A TERRIFIC explosion finally burst in the sea. They could not see which mine had gone. Both should have, one setting off the other; but there was no second explosion. The Hawk heeled to port. Sea and debris showered her. Her funnel sagged from the blow of flying steel. The sea around them splashed with fragments. Steve had a vision of a twisted paravane high in the air, and after he had unlocked his jaws, snapped rigidly shut from the concussion, he said, "Fouled mine went, sir."

"Yes," said Deming. "Thank God we had protection in the Hawk's lee." He looked hurt.

The other mine was still free—the floating mine. They could not see it,

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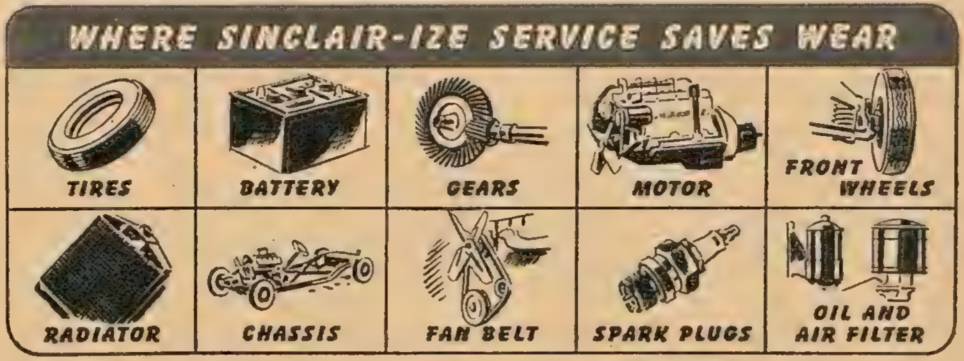

SAVE WEAR WITH
SINCLAIR

OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY

of course. It was probably bouncing against the mine sweeper's side on each sea that curled under the Hawk. Any moment it would snap a horn and explode. They watched the Hawk, waiting for it to sink, but it did not sink. The fouled mine apparently had not holed it. The force of the explosion had not been exerted against the Hawk as badly as they had expected, the force taking the line of least resistance skyward.

Soon the Tern moved in and began to take the men aboard. When the company was assembled, Lieutenant Commander Payne, commanding the Tern, shook hands with Deming and said, "Hard luck, sir, but glad you got out of her alive. Close call."

"Yes," Deming said. He looked very low.

"Orders, sir?"

"Take her around to the north. I want to see where that second mine is."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Payne.

The Tern put out her paravanes again and went to the north. She raised no mines in the sweeps. She flung around due north of the disconsolate Hawk. Steve found himself following Deming carefully. He noticed the skipper did not use his left arm at all. "Are you hurt, sir?"

"No," Deming snapped. "Mind your own affairs, Ferris."

"You're bleeding," Steve said.

Deming stared at him angrily, then smiled. "All right; I'm bleeding. I caught a fragment, and it's nothing. Let me have your binocs, Ferris."

The skipper put the glasses on the Hawk's starboard beam. His face looked gray. He gave them back to Steve. "Have a look."

Steve could see the black crest of the mine. He saw it against the side of the Hawk, rising and falling with the seas, touching the Hawk's beam now and then. But it had not exploded. Its horns were still intact. They had not been broken by the contact yet.

"FUNNY," said Deming. "I find myself damned fond of the ugly beast. She's just a tub. They've got newer and better ones. But if she goes, that's one less we have. There's just a chance . . . Come along, Ferris. She's worth a life or two, even at her age."

They went to the bridge. "George," said Deming to Payne, "heave to, will you? And put over your motor launch. I'm going back to her and see what can be done. I want a rope in the launch, and I'll need a man to help me. See if you can get a volunteer, and don't mind if you can't. Nobody in his right mind would volunteer."

"You can't do it," Payne said. "She'll go up any second."

"I know, but there's a chance she might be saved. That was an order, George."

"Aye, aye, sir," Payne said, distressed, and he rang the engine room on the telegraph.

Duffy, the Hawk's engineer, grinned painfully and said, "I'm not in my right mind, sir. I'll go with you." He was limping badly, having turned his ankle when he fell into the lifeboat putting off.

"You're not fit," Deming said. "And this is no cushion job, Duffy. Thanks just the same. A younger man will—"

"HARDTACK"
FOR HIRE

"It cost me $2.75 to see a dentist the last time I mowed your lawn! I bit the quarter you gave me."

Steve said, "I'll go with you, sir."

They all looked at him. Deming regarded him soberly. "Fine, Ferris," he said. "Then let's move."

Steve followed him humbly. In his own mind he was trying to understand why he had said it. He had stood there without the slightest intention of volunteering. There was no sense in it. It was a first-class way of committing suicide. There were probably lots of crazy loons who wanted a decoration for action beyond the call of duty. Why him? It was almost as if he had been hypnotized. "I'll go with you, sir." And the deed was done. Suddenly he was shaking, terrified.

As they approached the Hawk, just the two of them in the motor launch, Steve realized that there was no time element here. It was an empty thought. There was no proper interval. The bulk of the mine was against the ship, scraping there with the rise and fall of seas. You could not think, In five minutes it will go up. It was not like a time bomb. You could only think, Here she goes. Now. This second.

Twenty feet off they could see the ugly horns. With each rise and fall the horns would pass within inches of the ship. Where were the other horns, the submerged invisible ones? Surely they were striking the hull; Surely one had been snapped off. Even as they approached, the glass tube in the leaden horn would have broken and the acid would have been coursing down to the battery within. The detonator would get its electrical jolt and explode the three hundred sixty pounds of amatol.

"Damn it!" Deming growled, cool as a cucumber. "I'm afraid to present the stern. *We* might break a horn, washing into the nasty thing. Ferris, you'll have to hold the boat just off her. I'll go into the sea with a rope and try to rig it around the mine and we'll tow her off and away." He started to strip, but he had a bad time of it.

"You can't do that, sir," Steve said. "You're wounded."

"Not so bad," Deming replied.

Steve slipped off his shoes with his his jacket. He went aft while Deming was struggling with his jacket. Might as well be hanged for a sheep as a goat. He took the end of the rope in his hands and plunged overboard. When he came out, gasping at the cold unexpected bite of sea, he yelled, "Your launch, sir!"

"Why, Ferris, you old fire-eater," Deming said dryly. "They'll bury you in Arlington for this!"

"If they ever find the pieces," Steve called. He swam the ten feet from the launch to the mine.

"For God's sake," Deming cried sharply, "don't get between it and the ship or you'll be crushed. Ferris! Be careful!"

STEVE ducked under water as the mine rose on a crest. He passed the rope around the leeward side of the mine, then withdrew instantly as he felt the sea fall. The side of the mine grated against the ship, and it had a sound of horror. It made him feel solidly ill. And yet, it was funny, Deming worrying about him getting crushed when they were both going to be blown to atoms on the moment. He felt weary, terribly weary, and cold. He clung to the base of a horn on the mine for a moment, getting his wind. It was certainly a co-operative mine. On the next rise he passed another turn under the mine and around it. It was only three feet in diameter. Amazing, that it could dismember a ship so completely.

He rested again on a horn, so tired now that he was no longer afraid. Then he swam to the launch. Deming helped him into it. They cleated the rope to the stern, pushed the gear forward, and eased toward the south.

For a moment or two it seemed as if they were standing still and were making no progress with the dead weight; but presently they saw that the mine had left the side of the Hawk —was two feet away from it now. Deming opened up the engine just a trifle. Very carefully. Speed might put pressure on the rope and bend a horn. Even a bent horn would break its glass of acid. Five feet. Six.

After an eternity, fifteen feet. The Hawk was definitely away from them. Deming said, "Can you hold her on?"

"Sure," Steve said. His arms were leaden, but he dropped them on the helm, grasping the spokes.

Deming took a .45 pistol from the launch's locker. He cocked it and went astern. Taking careful aim, he fired into the mine. Then, satisfied, he uncleated the rope, before pressure was put on it, and threw the mine free. It suddenly sank, whispering bubbles in the water.

He came back and cut down the throttle and pulled the gear back to neutral. Then he collapsed on the engine hatch. Steve joined him. They were both shot. Their heads dropped into their hands while they tried to get some strength back.

"Nicely done, Ferris," Deming said wearily. "We've got to get the crew back aboard. I think she's making water. Probably split a seam when the first mine went. But nicely done."

"Commander," said Steve impetuously, "will you tell me something?"

"Anything."

"Did you read that letter I dropped this morning?"

Deming nodded. "Had to, Ferris. Didn't know whose it was. There wasn't any name on it, you know!"

Steve sagged. "Then you know I'm a heel?"

Deming laughed shortly. He got up, started the launch for the Hawk. "I think you're a pretty normal sort," he said. "Lots of us would like a cushion job. If you get one, fine. If you don't, too bad. Being a heel is letting down on the job they give you, cushion or bilge. Simple as that." He pulled alongside where a boarding ladder still hung suspended. "You first, Ferris. Make a signal on the blinker for the crew to rejoin ship. There's the Eagle coming down from the Hook to join us. If we're not making serious water, we'll finish this sweep very nicely. Lively, now."

"Aye, aye, sir," Steve said quietly. He felt weary but good. He climbed the boarding ladder. It was not lively, but it was smart.

THE END

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

THE UNVANQUISHED, by Howard Fast.

Readers of certain historical novels popular in the last few years must have gathered that schoolbook presentation of the American Revolution as most of us had it was a picture not much different from kindergarten art done in red, white, and blue. To the mature, or even the adolescent mind, it gave little understanding of what occurred, and why. And with few exceptions these novels have left the Father of His Country about as lively, as human as the engravings on the schoolroom walls.

Mr. Fast has done something about that in this novel. His story picks up a young commander at forty-four sweating in New York while half his army was being cut to pieces in Brooklyn. His military experience was largely confined to the woods fighting against the French as a youngster twenty years before. He had taken the advice of Charles Lee about the Brooklyn disposition. Lee was experienced, but he was jealous and may have been false. Washington knew he had strategy to learn.

He did his best. He got the remnants out of Brooklyn, and with the help of a band of Marblehead fishermen won the race out of Manhattan Island's trap. Another tragic error at Fort Washington, retreat across New Jersey and the Delaware, and devastating desertions. Twenty thousand had shrunk to two thousand. But the Trenton attack was Washington's idea!

You'll know him better when you read this book, as you should. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce.)

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ENEMY OUTPOST

BY JAMES SAXON CHILDERS

Clue by clue, an amazing plot's dark secret comes to light. Can the heart of it be uncovered in time?

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WHEN Mike Kilpatrick, who says he is a geologist, comes to the Moose Club in the Canadian woods, Judge Puckett and Ed Carroll, who founded the hunting and fishing camp, make him welcome. So does Sally McDonald, whose father, also a founder, is away on a trail trip. Outwardly Christopher Beck and his father and the elder Mr. Beck's sister-in-law, Dorothy Tyler, are hospitable too. Actually, they want to get rid of him because they think he suspects the secret of their mysterious trips to a certain lake to the northward. They have already killed Moses Bigfoot, Mr. Beck's guide, because he knew too much, and also Jock, another guide who reports to Christopher that he has found Mr. McDonald's dead body floating on Loon Lake.

No one at the camp knows of McDonald's death except the Becks, and the two murdered guides are assumed to be out somewhere about their own business. Mike, who, Christopher has found out, is *not* a geologist, becomes more suspicious of the Becks when Dorothy remarks to him: "That's the trouble with you Americans—you're too soft," and then pales as she realizes what she has said. He determines to get to the bottom of the mystery that has brought him here. He would have been sure he was on the right track if he had heard Christopher say to Mr. Beck, "There are only four more days until the twelfth. And nothing must interfere."

PART FOUR—MIKE CONFESSES

Thursday,
July 9, 1942.

ON the morning after the dance, Mike had just finished shaving on the porch of his cabin when Sally came along the trail.

"You going out with the rocks today?" she called out.

"Yes. Don't you think it's about time I was doing some work?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "I wanted to ask a favor."

"I'll still do it. What do you want?"

"Rose Buckshot wants to get to Kakiwani. I was hoping we might let your Solomon Rat take her down."

"You mean you want to borrow Solomon for the day?"

"Well, I thought we might take a motorboat and a canoe down to Round Lake. You and I could drop off in the canoe, and they could go on. We'd fish until this afternoon, then they'd pick us up."

After the dance of the night before, Mike had lain awake trying to plan what was best for him to do. Should he leave immediately for Spruce Lake? Perhaps he would be wiser to remain at the Moose Club. By staying and asking discreet questions, he might learn all he needed to know about this lake to the north and the strange activities that apparently were going on there.

Sally's question decided him.

"I'd love a day at Round Lake," he said. "I think it's a grand idea."

While Sally was talking with Mike, Mr. Beck was talking with Christopher near the birchbark tepee high on the ledge above the big lake, where no one could possibly hear them.

"I heard Sally say this morning that Rose wanted to go to Kakiwani. Why does she want to go?"

"I don't know," said Christopher.

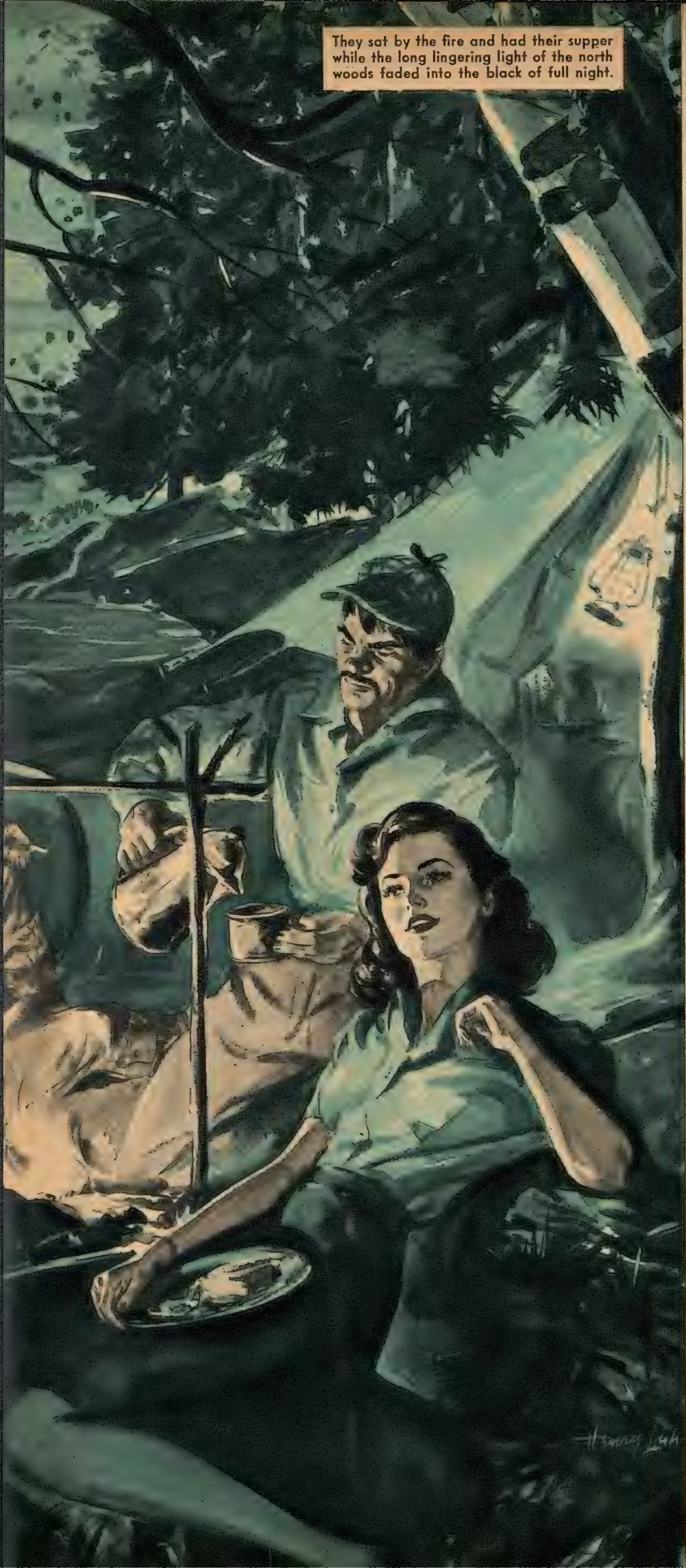
"Somehow I would have stopped her going, but Sally said she planned to fish all day at Round Lake with Kilpatrick. While he's there, he can't be getting guides drunk and talking with them; he can't be prying into what we don't want any one to know."

"He already knows more than is good for him. It is unfortunate Dorothy had bad luck in the storm the other day. Otherwise we would be rid of him now." Christopher glanced down at his fingernails, inspecting them casually. "I may have to get rid of him myself."

"Be patient," Mr. Beck said. "We have only three days more until the twelfth."

"Patient! For two years have I not been patient? For two years have I

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY LUHRS


They sat by the fire and had their supper while the long lingering light of the north woods faded into the black of full night.

not worked to make things ready? And now I'll let nothing—nothing!—interfere with our plans. I killed that old Indian last night because I thought he knew too much. And I'll kill this Kilpatrick or any one else who threatens our success."

"Yes, I know. I know." Mr. Beck touched Christopher, trying to quiet him.

But Christopher went on. "The time is near when I can say to these swinish Americans what I like." His hand, held before him, slowly clenched. "Sunday!" The way he said the word betrayed his ecstatic anticipation.

"Yes," said Mr. Beck, "we have lived for a long time for Sunday. We have endured much."

"Sonntag! Sonntag!" Christopher stood as erect as a mechanical man. *"Sonntag! Sonntag! . . . Der Tag!"*

SALLY and Mike, having seen Rose and Solomon Rat start for Kakiwani, settled down in their canoe to fish. Sally sat in the stern and did the guiding.

"Why was Rose so anxious to get to Kakiwani?" Mike wanted to know.

"Oh, she had a crazy idea and she wanted to see the priest about it."

"See the priest! She must have done something pretty bad."

"It wasn't anything she did. It was something she saw."

He tied on a bait and made a cast. As the line was singing from the reel, he said, "All right. What was it?"

Sally twisted her paddle and steered the canoe nearer the shore. "Rose saw a sign."

"Saw a sign!"

"Quit turning around. You might turn us over. Yes, she saw a sign. One night she saw a ball of fire in the sky; she said it was a sign to tell her the world was coming to an end."

"But what was it?"

"How do I know? She just said it was a huge blazing ball that shot into the sky, then suddenly disappeared. And you've got a fish if you'll just reel it in, instead of sitting there gaping at me."

Mike played the fish roughly and soon had it beside the canoe. Sally reached out with a dip net and brought it in. After she had unhooked the fish and Mike was casting again, he said, "Have you got any idea where Johnny Buckshot got all that money he was flashing last night?"

"Golly, no. He must have had six or seven hundred dollars. I never heard of a guide having that much, except just after he'd sold his furs. And Johnny didn't trap last season. Rose told me they spent the winter in Ottawa and Quebec."

"How could they afford to do that?"

"I don't know."

They fished on and soon they were not talking. They were together and that was enough. Both of them were thinking, and wondering, and asking themselves questions. Sally was telling herself that it had all happened in only four days. And Mike was saying to himself he had never believed he would meet a girl who could take his breath away by only looking at him, by only being there.

After lunch they lay on a blanket spread on the sand, smoking. Close beside him, knowing he was there, near to her, knowing it in so many ways, Sally had no doubt about her love for this man who had come into her life only the Sunday before.

He turned and looked at her and she did not look away. He tossed his cigarette out into the water, and even before it hissed he was leaning back on his elbow, half leaning down over her, and she was glad.

"Sally," he said. And he bent down and kissed her.

AT first she permitted him to kiss her lightly, but he held her to him, and then she herself was kissing him almost fiercely, until suddenly she pushed him away.

"Don't," she said. She got up and went down to the water and with the toe of her shoe she raked up some of the sand of the beach. With a little kick, she sprinkled it out on the water.

"Look here," she said, as she went back and sat down on the blanket again. "For right now, let's not talk about it. Do you mind?"

"But why? Why shouldn't we talk about it?"

"I'm frightened, that's why. I never kissed a man like that before in all my life. And I'm frightened." After a minute she said, "Why did you have to come along anyhow?"

He was smiling at her. "I was looking for you."

"And now you're going away again."

"But I'll be back."

In the middle of the afternoon they were fishing near the shore when they heard a stick break. Something was traveling in the bush. Sally reached for her rifle. She shook the canoe and, when Mike looked around, she pointed at his rifle in the bow. Her lips framed the words, "Maybe a wolf."

Their rifles cocked, they waited. Then the underbrush was parted and Fred Chausse stepped out on the shore.

"Fred!" Sally lowered her gun. She caught up the paddle quickly and drove the canoe to the shore. "What are you doing here? Where's father?"

Fred made the vague sweeping gesture used by all the guides when they didn't know. "In the bush," he said. "Maybe lost."

"Lost?" She caught his arm and shook him. "When did he get lost? How? Tell me, Fred."

Then the guide told how on Sunday morning, before daybreak, he and Mr. McDonald had been camping in Serpent Lake and they had shot a wolf. After they got back to camp, Mr. McDonald left and told Fred to stay in camp to skin the wolf. He left before daybreak and Fred hadn't seen him again. He had stayed in camp until noon Monday. Then he had begun to search for Mr. McDonald; but since he had no canoe, he couldn't travel over much of the country. For two and a half days Fred stayed near camp, searching as best he could. That morning—Thursday morning—he had set out to return to the big camp and give the alarm.

"Did you see anything at all unusual?"

"See tracks on portage from Old Woman's Lake," Fred said.

"Anything else?"

"No. But Sunday morning, after daybreak, I hear something. I hear many, many rifles shoot quick, quick."

"What do you mean, rifles? How could—"

"Just a minute, Sally." Mike stopped her and went on talking to Fred. "Did it sound so fast you could hardly tell one shot from another?"

"Yes. Many, many rifles shoot fast, fast."

Mike turned to Sally. "We were mistaken," he said. "Rose did see a sign."

"Rose! What has Rose to do with this?"

"Rose saw an airplane take off at night. And once the plane was in the sky, safely over the trees, its lights were cut off. What Fred heard was not rifles. He heard a machine gun. They're using airplanes. Don't you see? They're using airplanes."

"No," she said, "I don't understand at all. I've no idea what you're talking about."

Mike took her hand and led her away from Fred Chausse to where an old dead tree was sprawled. He made her sit down with him there.

"SALLY, I've a lot to tell you. And it's more important than you can imagine. In the first place, I'm not a geologist. I'm a newspaperman."

He went on to tell her that the managing editor of his paper in New York had assigned him the job of writing about the explosions that had been terrifying the country for so long.

"Each time there was an explosion," Mike said, "I flew to the plant or factory or whatever it was that had been destroyed. I got pictures. I interviewed wives whose husbands had been killed. I talked with children after their fathers had been blown to pieces by killers who were slipping around behind people's backs and stabbing. After a while this kind of killing got under my skin and I said I was going to do something about it.

"I got my boss's permission. I got an unlimited expense account. And I set out to trace down the people behind all this dirty sneaking kind of killing.

"Pretty soon I hit on the key to the whole business. The government has all the explosives in the United States listed and under careful guard, but these fellows were still blowing up plants and factories. Where were they getting the stuff? I asked everybody that same question—manufacturers, army officers, American secret agents—and nobody could answer it.

"So I went to Washington with my idea. Give me some men to help me, I said. Let's find out where they're making their explosives. Let's stop them before they get started. You can guess what happened. Official Washington threw me out on my ear. But I made a map of the country and I stuck red pins everywhere there had been an explosion. Soon I saw that most of the pins were near the Canadian border. Occasionally there would be a blast in Texas, or California, or Georgia; but most of them were near the border.

THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN !

"I went to my boss and showed him the map. 'We should have thought of that before,' he said. He told me about this country up here, how it's all wild and unsettled. 'It's the very place for them to carry on their work,' he said, 'then transport the stuff over the border and distribute it.'

"He studied my map, then made one of his own, with red lines showing the routes they would most likely follow in coming out of the bush and reaching the American border. He extended these lines until they met, then he put his pencil on that point and said: 'We may be barking up the wrong tree entirely, but here is the most favorable spot for them to be operating. You get there, or as near there as you can, and start looking.'

"That's why I came to your camp, because your camp is near the point where the lines met. I came as a geologist because a geologist could ramble around as much as he liked, telling people he was looking for rocks, when really I was looking for the place they were making their explosives.

"YOU see, at that time I thought the Germans were making the stuff here in the bush. But I know now that they're flying it in direct from Germany. They land it on one of these lakes, then carry it down to the border and run it into the United States, where they use it to blow up American men and women."

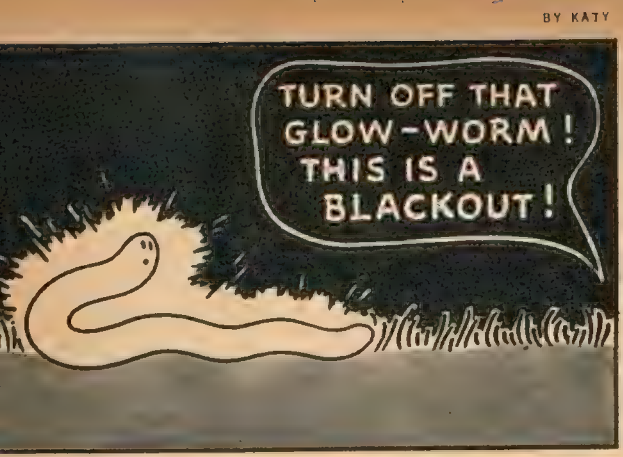
"Mike," she said, touching him, "do you mean that the Germans actually have an air base here in the bush?"

"I mean exactly that. From right here, from where we're sitting this minute, is only eight hours by air from some of the German bases in Europe. On the way home they'd refuel from a submarine in the North Atlantic."

"But, Mike, you mean—"

He leaned over and kissed her.

"Sally, I may be barking up the wrong tree. But I don't believe so. I believe those tracks on the portage at Old Woman's Lake—the tracks both Solomon and Fred have seen—are the


BY KATY
TURN OFF THAT GLOW-WORM! THIS IS A BLACKOUT!

tracks of carriers, men who take the explosives out of the bush and down to the border. I think Rose's ball of fire was undoubtedly a German plane taking off. I believe Fred heard one of their machine guns; though what they could have been shooting at in the bush, I've no idea. Maybe a bear, a moose. Anything. Those fellows just like to kill, that's all. You saw Christopher shoot that baby deer the other day, didn't you?"

"Christopher!"

"Sally, the Becks are German agents. They're in command of this air base."

"But, Mike, we've known them for two years and they—"

"No, you haven't. You don't know them at all. Christopher, you say, is a salesman for a sporting-goods house; Dorothy runs a perfume shop; Mr. Beck made a lot of money in Mexico and retired. That's about all you know about them. Except that two years ago Mr. Beck managed to meet your father and offered a tremendous price for this lease. When he couldn't get it, he went so high for a club membership that he got it.

"Dorothy is no fisherman. Christopher fishes, but any one can see he doesn't really enjoy it. Mr. Beck himself seldom goes out at all."

"But you're only guessing, Mike. You're saying all this to convince yourself. You haven't any real proofs."

"But I have," he said positively, and he told her how Dorothy Tyler had betrayed herself to him when she said, "you Americans." He told her how he had found out from Johnny Buckshot the place from which the Becks were operating.

"Now that I know about the airplanes," he ended, "I'm getting to Spruce Lake as fast as possible. I'm not even going back to camp."

SALLY was half leaning back, her hands resting on the trunk of the tree. "I can't believe my father is really lost. He knows the bush too well. He's probably off trailing some animal, trying to get an unusual picture. He did that once before and scared us out of our wits."

"Of course he's not lost." Mike took both her hands and lifted her up. "Fred just got impatient, that's all."

She was looking away from him. He saw her swallow and wet her lips. "I think we'd better go now," she said. "Spruce Lake is a long way."

"But, Sally—it will be dangerous. I couldn't let you go."

"My father is up there somewhere," she said. "And there's another reason. You said it would be dangerous." She started walking toward the canoe. "In that case, I might be of some help to you."

They went over the portage to Old Woman's Lake and there Fred pointed out the tracks of men. They paddled across Old Woman's Lake. They climbed the portage to Loon Lake, and on this portage they saw the tracks again. They put their canoe in the water and began paddling across the lake.

"Did you break camp," Sally asked Fred, "or did you leave the tent up?"

"I leave tent and everything on Three Pine Point. Maybe Mr. McDonald, he come back and want things."

When they came to the base of the rapids at the north end of Loon Lake, to where the river empties down into the lake, they steered for the portage. They carried the canoe over the portage around the rapids, then they put it in the water again and paddled upstream toward Serpent Lake. Late in the afternoon, they saw a wolf ahead of them walking along the shore. Immediately Fred steered the canoe toward a small wooded island that would screen them from him. Sally turned to Mike and pointed at his rifle. He shook his head.

"No," he whispered, "you shoot."

She was raising her rifle when a loon, the lookout for all the animals, the unfailing tattletale, saw the canoe and quavered its high-pitched warn-

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"Can we use a couple of tickets to the policemen's ball?"

ing. When she fired, she shot at only a brownish streak as the big timber wolf leaped into the bush.

"You no shoot good like your father." Fred was smiling as he joked with her. "Mr. McDonald, he hit his wolf three times."

Late in the afternoon they reached Three Pine Point and saw the tent Fred had left firmly staked, its ropes pulled taut. They drove the canoe up on the beach, dragged it clear of the water, and turned it over. Then they went into the tent. Balsam boughs had been woven into a soft springy sweet-smelling bed. They could see the impressions in the boughs where two men had slept. Sally turned quickly and walked away from the tent. Mike started to follow her, but stopped. There was nothing he could say. Now he knew she was more worried about her father than she would admit.

Fred was gathering wood for the fire, so Mike went down to the shore of the lake. In no time he had caught a catfish.

"Fish for supper, Sally," he called.

"Grand!" She came running down from the camp toward him.

Mike was busy cleaning the fish and Sally was squatting beside him when he said, "You're a brick, Sally. Any girl who can cover up her worry about her father as you are doing is wonderful. I mean it."

"Of course I'm worried about him. But I just can't believe anything could happen to my father. He's so big and full of fun. I couldn't imagine my father being lost." She turned to him. "You'll love my dad when you meet him. Everybody does."

"I'm sure I shall," Mike said.

After Fred had done the cooking, they sat by the fire and had their supper while the ghostly blue light, the long lingering light of the north woods, faded into the black of full night.

Then, while Sally and Mike smoked, Fred went a good way behind the tent and made another bed of balsam, a bed for himself and Mike. When he had finished he came back to the fire and pulled blankets from the pack.

Sally had always liked Fred Chausse. He was fifty-six years old, older than most of the guides, a stoop-shouldered, loose-jointed man who seemed never in a hurry, yet was somehow always there on time.

"If I wanted an elephant delivered at the North Pole," Sally's father once had said, "I'd speak to Fred about it. In a week he'd be back with a receipt of delivery."

When Fred came back to the fire, the three sat and talked for awhile.

"I think I'll go to bed," Sally said finally.

"Good night, miss." Fred gathered up his blankets from beside the fire and went back to his bed.

"Good night, Sally." Mike stood there waiting for her to get up.

"Good night," she said, still looking in the fire.

Then he knew she wanted to be alone and went back to the bed that Fred had made. But it was a long time before he slept. He was thinking about machine guns and airplanes and a girl with soft red hair. He was listening—almost expecting to hear a whistle that is neither strong like the wind, nor sharp, quick like the hawk—

Friday,
July 10, 1942.

IT was past daybreak, it was big day, when Mike woke and smelled bacon cooking over a birch-log fire. He got up quickly. Standing by the fire was Sally, busy with a big towel, rubbing her tousled hair.

"You better hurry. Breakfast is almost ready," she said.

He went down to the lake to wash. When he got back, Fred already had bacon and pancakes and jam on the plates. He had lifted the kettle from the fire and was dipping out cups of inky black tea.

"Strong," he said. "Make warm."

They had their breakfast; then Mike said, "Fred, sit down. I want to tell you why we're here."

As Mike told the whole story, Fred sat staring incredulously at him. Occasionally he grunted his amazement, and once he said, "By hell, what you know!" When Mike had finished talking, Fred sat still for a minute; then slowly he rose to his full height. The stoop came out of his shoulders.

"By jeepers," he said, "I'm lonesome for to meet them fellows."

HE now gave no evidence of excitement. He spoke quietly as he said, "They like to kill men and women—yes? They like to blow up men and women—yes?" He stood there nodding his head and pondering his own questions. "By jeepers"—he closed his hand in a grip like a bear's paw—"by jeepers, I'm lonesome for to meet them fellows."

They pulled down the tent and rolled their packs and loaded them into the canoe. Sally wrote Mr. McDonald a cheery little message saying she was sorry but a lady needed a tent more than a gentleman, so she was borrowing his. She told him where they had cached food in the rocks for him, hiding it in a place where the bears and wolves couldn't get at it. She said they had gone on to Spruce Lake and didn't exactly know when they'd be back. She fastened the message in the fire pit, where he would be certain to find it.

Then they got in the canoe, crowding themselves in with the packs, and paddled over the water until they came to the portage leading up to Spruce Lake. There they lifted out the packs and Fred swung the canoe to his shoulders. They started up the steep climb to Spruce Lake. At last it lay before them.

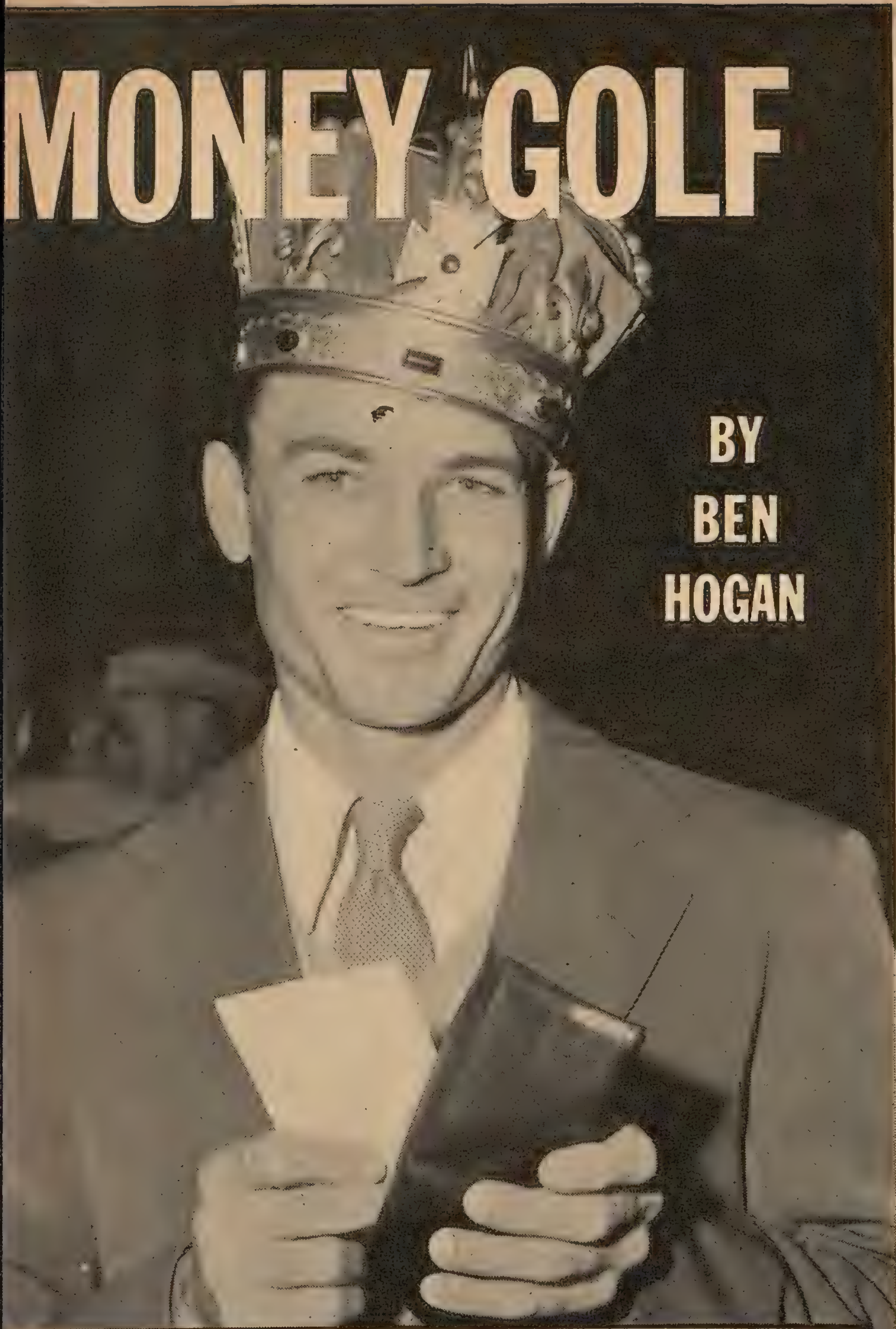
"It's large enough," Mike said. "They could easily land planes on this lake. Let's go climb that cliff. If we get to the top of it and look down, we might see something."

They stole along silently until they came to the cliff behind the beach. They started climbing it together. It was steep, but they moved up steadily until Fred in climbing caught a bush to balance himself. The roots of the bush were in shallow ground and tore out. As he tumbled back, he stepped into a fissure in the rock. His leg went in deep and both Mike and Sally heard the dull crack of the bone as it broke.

Now, with Fred helpless, are Mike and Sally trapped at Spruce Lake? What will they find there? Startling discoveries come thick and fast in the next chapter. Don't miss it!

MONEY GOLF

BY BEN HOGAN



There's gold in them thar greens! . . One who knows tells you how it pans out

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THERE was laughter and song in the old locker room of the Augusta National Golf Club—the club that Bobby Jones built down in the rolling hills of his native Georgia. The long and rigorous winter tour was over. The boys were relaxing after the strain of four months of living in a suitcase, hopping from tournament to tournament. It's far from all fun—that long 16,000-mile trek to California and back up through the Carolinas and Georgia.

I was dressing slowly, just enjoying the feeling that we wouldn't have another tournament to play until the latter part of May. One of the gang came up to me and said, "Let's go out and practice a bit, Ben."

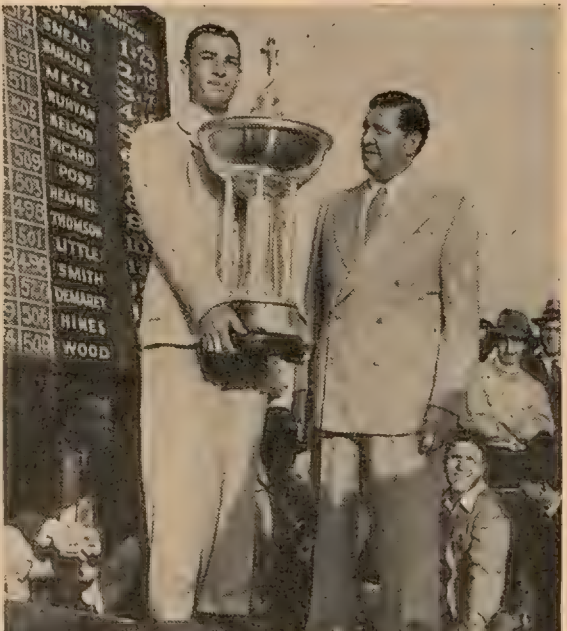
I started to demur, when I heard a titter. Suddenly I realized that the boys were ribbing me about the extra hours of practice I put in. It was common knowledge that I practiced whenever I got a chance—in the dusk after tournaments were over and my wife was packing up the car for the next hop, in the early mornings before the dew was off the grass, and even at night on driving ranges along the side of the road. I was just coming up then—this was April, 1939—and I had yet to win my first tournament. Naturally, it seemed sort of silly. I don't blame them for kidding me.

BUT, looking back now, I don't think anybody will call it silly, if success is weighed in terms of dollars and cents. In the past three years I have made over $45,000 in prize money. In the first month of this year alone I made $5,000. I have won the Vardon Trophy, symbolic of supremacy in the pro ranks over the year, for two years running. That doesn't include the money from endorsements, from the manufacturer whose clubs I use, from my home club at Hershey, Pa., nor from various other sources. It adds up close to, if not over, six figures. Certainly I have made more money than any other golfer active today.

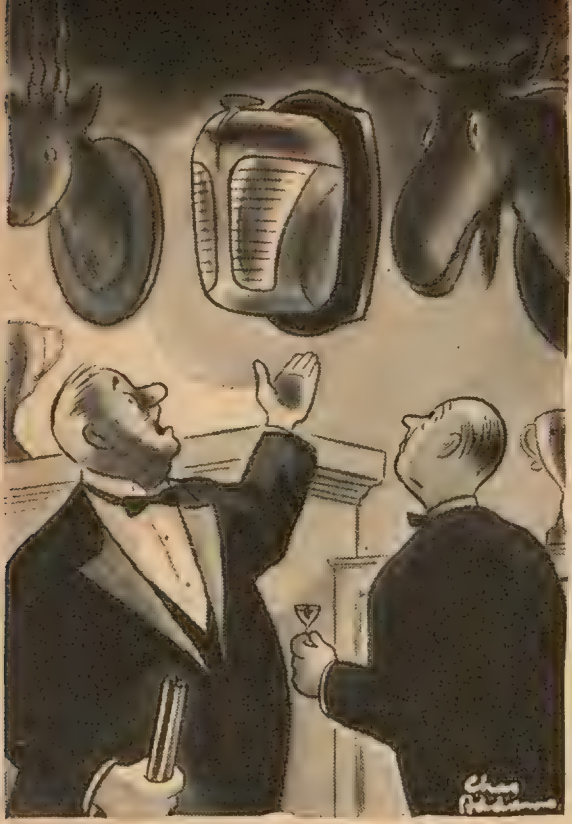
In addition, I have realized most of my boyhood dreams. I have proved to myself what I have always said—that a good golfer doesn't have to be born that way. He can be made. I was, and practice is what made me—practice and tough, unrelenting labor. Hours upon hours of it. It's gotten my swing "in the groove"—so in the groove that it's become an instinctive, subconscious part of me.

Sam Snead has a natural, superbly grooved swing. In fact, he is the most natural swinger of a golf club I've ever seen. But he doesn't know what makes it tick. "I don't dare take it apart," he said when he first came up. "I'd be afraid I'd never be able to put it together again." That's where

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hogan. At top, Ben has ust won the $10,000 Open tournament.



Hogan with the trophy he won at the Goodall Round Robin golf tournament.



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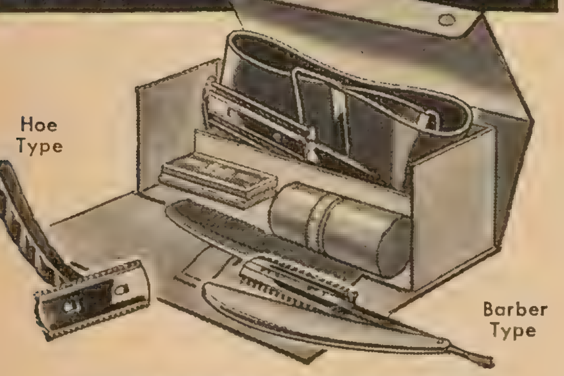

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he and I differ. His game came so naturally that he hasn't had to work on it enough to know all the component parts. I do. I started from scratch.

The only time my game goes bad now is when I'm physically exhausted. I can always tell when a slump is coming on. For example, I knew my string of fifty-six straight tournaments in the money was going to end a week before anybody else did. The week before the end came—in the Henry Hurst Invitation at Philadelphia last September—we played at Atlantic City. I finished well up in the money there, but coming off the course I knew the jig was about up. I told my wife, Valerie, so that night. I was so tired that it was work to walk, let alone concentrate on golf shots. The long winter and summer campaign had worn me down. Save for the few weeks between the wind-up of the winter tour at Augusta and the opening of the summer campaign at the Goodall in Flushing, Long Island, I had been playing competitive golf for nine straight months.

So it was no surprise to me when I staggered home with a 77 in the last round at Philadelphia, to miss the money by three shots. I was just fagged out. I finished way down the list at Providence the week after the Hurst debacle.

Luckily, the Providence affair wound up the summer campaign. I was able to lay off completely. I didn't touch a golf club for weeks, save for a couple of exhibitions previously scheduled. Then in November I went hunting down in Texas with Byron Nelson and Jimmy Demaret. By the time the merry-go-round started all over again at Miami last December, I was fresh and ready to go. The rest was all that I needed.

I PLAYED some of my best golf during the recent winter tour. I finished second at Miami. I won the $3,500 first prize at Los Angeles after a play-off with Jimmy Thomson. I was fourth at Oakland and I won at San Francisco. Incidentally, the greatest hole I ever played was probably the eighteenth in the last round at Los Angeles. That was where Snead took another colossal eight to duplicate his famous finish at the 1939 Open at Philadelphia. I needed a birdie four to tie Thomson. The hole had been playing long all through the tournament. Most of the players had been falling short with woods on their second shots, just as Snead did. But I hit one of the finest drives I ever unloaded. It measured more than 300 yards. So I was able to take an iron and whip the ball thirty-five feet past the flag. It landed nicely on the green, and I had my two easy putts to get down.

That hole is proof positive of my theory of good golf. I have read so much and heard so much about the value of putting that it's gotten to be a pet peeve with me. The general feeling is that it's putting that decides the show. I disagree emphatically. Putting is only one minor part of the game. The big thing is to keep the ball in position for your next shot. A good drive paves the way for a good second shot to the green, and a good second puts you in position for that birdie putt.

If you have your swing in the groove so that you are hitting the ball well from tee to green, then you won't have to worry about your putting. Sports writers have called me a great putter. Let me be the first to deny that. Last winter, for example, I wasn't putting too well. But I led all the money winners. I finished second six times. I won at Asheville, North Carolina, and I won the Four-Ball with Gene Sarazen at Miami.

Don't think I'm beating myself between the shoulder blades. I'm only trying to show that you don't have to be a super-putter to do all right by yourself. As a matter of fact, some of the best putters are not consistent winners.

AFTER the Open last June at Fort Worth, everybody was talking about Craig Wood's twenty-foot putt for a birdie three on the home hole. That was a great effort on the rolling carpet, but Craig himself thinks more of his second shot to the green.

"There was where the pressure was on," he recalls. "Most of the Opens that have been lost in the last nine holes have been lost via a bad shot off the tee or an erratic one to the green. It was Snead's hooked drive that started his explosion at Philadelphia. Jimmy Thomson blew a big lead to Sam Parks at Oakmont in 1935 because he couldn't control the simple little chip shot. Once you're on the green you're pretty safe, especially when you have two strokes to spare, as I did coming to the eighteenth.

"I knew that second shot would tell the story. A hook into the water to the left of the green would ruin everything. So I played it carefully to the right, where I had plenty of room—and made it. It wouldn't have made any difference whether it was ten, twenty, or forty feet from the hole. The pressure was off, once I was on the green."

That, I think, shows what I'm getting at. Once you're on the green, your trouble is practically over. It is humanly possible to get your drive and your iron shots so controlled that they'll never miss. That's just a matter of work and timing. But a putt is different. There are too many factors operating against you on the green. In the first place, it's impossible to gauge the speed with which you must hit the ball or to read the line of the putt correctly every time, whereas you are always hitting the ball from the same spot on the tee. And your lies in the fairway don't differ one tenth as much as they do on the green. So, you see, the percentages favor the fellow whose game is working well from tee to green.

I started out on this theory years ago, when I first took up golf down in Texas, and I've operated on it ever since. I was ten years old, selling papers on a street corner in Fort Worth, when I learned that you could make more money caddying one round of golf than you could selling a hundred papers. It was a couple of years later that I arrived home one night for dinner half an hour late. "Ben Hogan," my mother said, "why don't you get yourself a real job and go to work? You'll never get anywhere fooling around with a silly golf ball."

"Mother," I replied, "I'm going to work harder than any boy you ever knew. But I'm going to work with a golf club, and I'm going to be the greatest golfer that ever lived."

I've still a long way to go to fulfill the last part of that promise, but I've kept to the part about work. It's been sheer drudgery at times. But I'm not sorry I stuck to it.

Work was the only thing that could have done it for me. I never have weighed much more than 140 and I've had to make up in speed and timing for my lack of heft. A physics professor could explain that to you. For force is speed plus weight. If you have too much of one and too little of the other, you won't get anywhere. You've seen countless big men who can't hit a ball a hundred yards and have any idea whether it will land on the fairway or in the next county. On the other hand, take a frail guy like Paul Runyan. He couldn't overpower à pane of glass, yet time and again he has made the big boys eat his divots.

MINE was much the same type of problem as Paul's in the beginning. Work was the only answer. Since I was eleven I haven't missed many hours without a golf club in my hand. When they used to send me to the grocery—about a half mile away—I'd take along a club and ball and hit it all the way there and back.

I think this may explain why fellows like Byron Nelson and Ralph Guldahl, who started out down in Texas with me, came along so much faster than I did. They didn't have so far to go. Then, too, I made the mistake of trying to take to the tournament trail too early. I started on the winter tour of the 1931-32 season, but I didn't get far. Neither my game nor my financial stake had a firm enough foundation. Here's one point that I can't stress too highly to kids who hope to become successful professional golfers. Wait until you're sure your game is ready and you're sure you've got enough money to carry you until your break comes. Many a promising career has been ruined by impatience to mingle with the big shots.

Even after five years of clerking in a bank and building up a stake to start again, I wasn't sure that I was ready. After all, the putts you make in the middle of the night standing on a billiard table in the cellar are hardly the same as those with $3,500 riding on the last spin of the ball. That was where I'd done the little putting practice I'd had in the intervening years. But I knew I was hitting the ball well, that my timing was more precise and my swing more compact. So Valerie and I—we were married in 1935—talked it over and decided to take a chance. In the summer of 1937, with $1,400 in the kick, we started out again. "It may be very tough going for a while," I warned her as we pulled out of Fort Worth.

It was all of that. But Valerie kept smiling. She has since said that the toughest part of being a golfer's wife is trying to keep a smile on your face when your husband comes in after a day when the putts wouldn't drop and the drives couldn't find the fairway. She's been a grand sport. I doubt if I could have made it without her. That first summer and autumn were as lean as a couple of hungry wolves. Finally, though, we got to Oakland, with only eighty-six dollars between us and an empty pocketbook.

I ASKED Val if she wanted to take what we had and go home and get a job. "No," she said. "We'll play this out until we're completely flat." So I started at Oakland—and won $385 for taking fifth place. It's been all uphill from there in.

But there still was a long lapse before I could win. I'd knock off a second here and a third there, but still I couldn't win. I'd miss by one shot or three or five, but always miss. I was seething inside. I was at the boiling point when we got to Pinehurst in the spring of 1940. I was practicing putting—my weak point at the time—on the practice green when Freddy Corcoran, the P. G. A. tournament manager, happened along.

"Ben," he said, "do you mind if I make a suggestion?"

I said go ahead.

"I've noticed," he continued, "that you're not keeping the heel of your putter parallel to the ground. And as a result you're hitting the ball too much off to the right."

I saw at once what he meant. And the next day I launched a scoring spree that enabled me to go thirty-four shots under par in winning three tournaments in a row—Pinehurst, Greensboro, and Asheville. I've been a different golfer ever since. I've lost that inferiority complex.

There's still a long road to travel. I have yet to win a national championship. I want first to win the Masters, then the P. G. A. I hope I can do both this summer. The National Open, of course, will have to wait until Hitler and his chums have been attended to.

Meanwhile, golf has its job to do. I am proud to be in a sport that last summer contributed more to war relief than did any other. More than $50,000 was raised via exhibition matches last summer, and we hope to triple that this summer. I am ready to drop my clubs and take up a gun any time. But the P. G. A. feels that we can do more for the war effort at home than abroad. I think we can, too—by keeping "in the groove."

THE END

NOW DOWN TO POPULAR PRICES
You're smart to smoke
VICEROY
VICEROY
UNION MADE
THE FILTER TIP IS BETTER FOR YOU
No tobacco crumbs to stain your teeth
Throat irritants are checked
True tobacco flavor is brought out
The cork tips save your lips

PROHIBITION—WILL IT HAPPEN AGAIN?

—Continued from Page 11

Back the Bootleggers Movement—he were not secretly bolstered and directed by a well heeled central organization, manned by shrewd, politically wise men and women to whom the Prohibition "cause" has long been a meal ticket.

These are the real dry columnists—the men and women who make a handsome living by creating and fostering national disunity on the Prohibition question. I refer, of course, to the professional Prohibition lobbyists who infest the corridors of the Capitol at Washington and of every state Capitol in the country.

I suppose there will always be professional drys, for there are always rich jobs in Prohibition agitation—and in Prohibition enforcement.

It is estimated that the federal and state governments spent $42,000,000 in 1930 on the latter item, while some drunken agents sat around in speakeasies. Politicians grew rich; so did policemen. So, of course, did bootleggers. It should surprise no one, therefore, if these elements unite to do everything in their power to bring back their golden days.

The Prohibition lobby is one of the two or three most powerful pressure groups in the country today. The whole Prohibition business has been streamlined. Last time, each lobbying organization fended for itself. There was duplication of effort, waste of money. All that has been changed. Collection and distribution of the "jack" is now highly systematized.

Taking a leaf out of the late Anti-War Committees' book, the Prohibition Goebbelses contrive now to make Uncle Sam pay part of their bills. But only part. Their own expenditures —not only in Washington but in state Capitols and wherever else it will do the most good, or harm—must be enormous. Just how large their "working capital" is no one knows because, being an "educational" fund, it goes untaxed.

Generalissimo of the new unified-command dry offensive is one Edward Page Gaston, whose sister, Lucy Page Gaston, once made the front pages with her attempts to "prohibit" cigarettes. Gaston, an old and experienced prohibitor in his own right, is generally credited by those "in the know" with the successful introduction of modern methods into Prohibition warfare. He pays little attention to the public. He concentrates on senators and members of the House of Representatives.

In his literature he claims among his leading congressional supporters Senators Robert R. "Roaring Bob" Reynolds of North Carolina, Ellison D. "Cotton Ed" Smith of South Carolina, Charles W. "Big Noise" Tobey of New Hampshire, Theodore G. "The Man" Bilbo of Mississippi, and W. Lee "Pappy Pass the Biscuits" O'Daniel of Texas—a notable grouping which seems, to ears still deafened by bombs on Pearl Harbor, vaguely familiar!

If these gentlemen constituted the Prohibition lobby's sole strength, there would be little to worry about, but in addition there are many other so-called representatives of the people who, for selfish reasons—need of the church vote, for instance—will, when they dare, swell the Prohibition ranks. To add to this considerable nucleus enough middle-of-the-road senators to achieve a majority is at present the lobby's definite aim. There is no concerted attempt to create an overwhelming popular demand for "dry" legislation. The lobby knows that would be futile. Hence the undercover campaign to slip the legislation over with as little hoorah as possible.

Gaston's official title is American Director of the World Prohibition Federation, an organization which he helped to found in Europe in 1909. He has lived much abroad and was on our Embassy staff in Berlin during 1914-15. None of his outfit's officials, so far as is known, is active on the American front. The main office of the organization is still abroad.

I THINK that the American people should know these facts. I think they should know what this "world" organization and its American affiliates are trying to do. The first step, of course, is to create dry zones around military encampments. The Secretary of War and the Acting Secretary of the Navy have protested forcibly against this plan to bring back the "blind pig" conditions of the last war. To these protests the drys pay no heed.

The second step is to bring on blanket Prohibition, this time without waiting to amend the Constitution.

Bills for both of these purposes are now before the Congress. Gaston says he is just waiting for the right moment to push them across.

That "right moment" obviously will be the moment he is sure he has votes enough to bring his legislation onto the floor of the Senate. What we must do is to see to it that enough votes are never obtained—first, for Senate Bill 860, which under cover of creating dry zones around military camps would affect almost every big city; and, second, for Joint Senate Resolution No. 21, which calls for blanket national Prohibition without consultation of the electorate.

The most effective thing to do is to write to both senators from your state —and also to the representative from your district—protesting against the consideration of either this bill or this joint resolution.

"Passage of the Sheppard enabling amendment," Gaston says, referring to Joint Senate Resolution No. 21, "would bring in national Prohibition at once if adopted by a bare majority vote in Congress, where it could be passed over the Presidential veto, if exercised. It is thus much simpler than the previous Eighteenth Amendment."

Well, that's how it is, fellow citizens. If we are going to lie down and take it again, all I can say is we deserve it!

THE END

In the October 19 and 26, 1940, issues, Liberty published a series of two articles entitled "More Love Affairs of Mussolini." In one of these articles it was stated that there was speculation as to the relation between Dr. Angelica Balabanoff and Mussolini and that "Italians are saying" that Edda Ciano "may have been" their offspring, but, "As a matter of fact, there is absolutely no evidence" to support such assumptions. Upon further investigation, Liberty finds such assertions to be totally untrue and without any basis in fact.

No Cocktail K.P. FOR ME!
HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
DRY MARTINI
COCKTAILS

You don't have to do "Kitchen Police" in order to celebrate an occasion with cocktails! All the squeezing, measuring, mixing has been done for you in delicious *Heublein's Club Cocktails!*

6 REASONS WHY

1. No messing—no guessing.
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4. Absolutely authentic recipes.
5. Six kinds, to please all tastes.
6. No waste. (*Unused cocktails in bottle keep like any other liquor.*)

FREE: Write for *Club Party Book* of snack recipes. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Dept. L6, Hartford, Conn.

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HEUBLEIN'S
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ALWAYS READY—ALWAYS RIGHT

PULVEX
FLEA POWDER
—also kills Lice and Ticks
25¢ AND 50¢

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

Rosalind Russell and Robert Benchley in the gay and diverting Take a Letter, Darling.

BY HOWARD BARNES

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

★ ★ ★ TAKE A LETTER, DARLING
(for hot-weather diversion)

SUMMERTIME is the season for light shows. And Hollywood hasn't missed the cue. This comic concoction about a big-shot lady executive and a protesting male secretary is featherweight. Frivolous and fanciful, it makes no demands on one's intelligence. It merely tries to be sprightly and amusing. The point is that it generally succeeds in being just that. Thanks to bright lines, clever acting, and a handsome production, it warrants your attention, if only in passing.

The chief asset of Take a Letter, Darling is the participation of Rosalind Russell. She is an expert at clowning of this sort. As the boss lady who thinks she has found an ideal Man Friday when he tells her he could never fall in love with her, and then goes for the fellow herself, she sets the key for the film and sustains it. Since she wears some knockout clothes in the course of the proceedings, she is decorative as well as funny.

Chalk up another one for Russell.

There seem to be two schools of thought about Fred MacMurray, who plays the hero of the piece. Some people can't take him at all. Others, like myself, find him an excellent foil for a polished bit of make-believe. Certainly he's a foil here, playing straight man for Miss Russell through every sequence. Anyway, his annoyance at being made a gigolo, which changes to devotion for his go-getter employer, is what makes the tiny plot of Take a Letter, Darling spin along.

The story finds him acting as trouble shooter for an advertising executive who uses her feminine charms in her business. Rebelling at this somewhat humiliating position, he moves right in on the sister of a big prospect and has his boss guessing until a screwball ending.

The lesser performances are worth watching. Robert Benchley contributes one of his delightful bits as the lazy partner of the heroine. I never see him in a film that I don't wish he had a bigger hand in the proceedings. Then there is MacDonald Carey, fresh from the New York stage, who turns in an engaging portrayal of a woman-hating tobacco magnate who can't resist the captivating Russell. And Constance Moore is effective as the possessive sister of the millionaire.

The physical front of the production, as already noted, is all that one could ask for. Mitchell Leisen, the atmosphere director, is at the top of his form. Take a Letter, Darling is nothing to get unduly excited over, but it's beguiling June entertainment.
(Paramount.)

★ ★ ★ MY FAVORITE SPY
(for Kay Kyser fans)

THE popular Kay Kyser lends a hand to hot-weather screen nonsense in this wacky combination of thwarted romance, swing syncopation, and spy melodrama. Like Take a Letter, Darling, it is not to be taken seriously, but it has more than a few laughs. If you are one of the acting band-leader's fans, you will find it one of his best jobs on the screen.

The plot doesn't even attempt to make much sense. Kyser is inducted into the army by mistake on the eve of his wedding. He's an incredibly bad soldier, but the intelligence division enlists his help in rounding up a gang of fifth columnists and Nazi agents. In the course of his counterespionage activities, just about everything happens to the poor fellow, but he finally traps the enemy rats and gets together with his unkissed bride.

When I first saw Kyser on the screen, his acting was far from impressive. In the course of several pictures he has learned a lot of tricks and he is now able to hold his own at creating a character as well as conducting an orchestra. Shy and bewildered, he stumbles through the doings of My Favorite Spy, causing considerable amusement.

Tay Garnett has staged the show with his usual skill, concentrating on its lighter aspects. The few interludes of violence which occur are actually rather ridiculous against the background of the nonsense. It might have been better had they been left out entirely.

The supporting players include Jane Wyman as the badly treated bride, and Ellen Drew as Kyser's side-kick in his counterspying. They are both attractive and play their parts with the easy assurance that they demand. William Demarest, Helen Westley, Robert Armstrong, and all of Kay Kyser's bandsmen round out the company. My Favorite Spy is another indication that summer is here again.
(RKO.)

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Tortilla Flat, Saboteur, My Favorite Blonde, Reap the Wild Wind, The Gold Rush, To Be or Not to Be.

★★★—Miss Annie Rooney, This Above All, This Gun for Hire, Syncopation, My Gal Sal, Juke Girl, Moontide, Ship Ahoy, The Spoilers, Twin Beds, In This Our Life, The Great Man's Lady, Rings on Her Fingers, Kipling's Jungle Book, The Tuttles of Tahiti, To the Shores of Tripoli, Rio Rita, The Male Animal, I Married an Angel, The Invaders.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

WE HAVE HAD MUCH MAIL from readers who were moved by a letter on this page in our May 23 issue. The writer told of having prayed for a "really true and sure armistice" after the "false armistice" of 1918. She was pleased but not surprised when the armistice was actually signed, and believed she had secured the peace of the world by her prayer and her promise to put a precious dollar in the poor box at church. "How," asked her letter, "can we adults get back that simplicity we had as children? . . . That I believe is how this war will be won."

Because the letter was marked "Personal," we did not give you the name of its sender. But a later letter *wasn't* marked "Personal." It was from Mrs. Frank Churchill of Castaic, California, and said: "I am proud that you saw fit to publish what I wrote. Frank says: 'Thank God the editor did not publish your name. Your head could not stand that! You would have bought hundreds of copies to mail to all your friends, just to show off.' He thinks he is smart because he made Who's Who this year! . . . I live on our ranch, have a small stable of race horses, raise hogs, and write poetry. Isn't that an awful combination?"

There was more in the same vein—a gay, serene letter. And the reason Frank Churchill "made Who's Who this year" was gay. He composed some of the most joyous songs we have—Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf? Heigh-Ho, Heigh-Ho, Whistle While You Work. A new one, for the Walt Disney film, Bambi, is called Love Is a Song that Never Ends. . . . And on the day we heard from Mrs. Churchill—the day after her letter about prayer appeared in Liberty—newspapers carried the story of Frank Churchill's having been found on his ranch with a bullet wound through his heart. His health had been poor: "My nerves have completely left me," he wrote his wife. A strange coincidence and an inscrutable tragedy.

SPORTS EDITOR BILL CUNNINGHAM contributes a postscript to an article: "Ted Williams, who told me and the rest of his fellow citizens 'I'm No Slacker,' in the April 25 issue of Liberty, has now proved it by enlisting in one of the most vital and courageous fighting arms of the services—Naval Aviation, 'the Commandos of the Air.' Nobody drove him. The baseball crowds didn't ride him. The sports writers, most of whom knew his difficult family story, left him to wrestle it out his own way. Many well-meaning strangers, of course, expressed opinions on the matter, some of them violently critical of the young man. If they'd known the true situation, I'm sure they would have hesitated.

"But, anyhow, that's over. In his own way, and without pressure, he managed to rearrange his personal difficulties, and when he went, he went right—to ride it out with death in the skies! They're tearing the ball parks apart at the very sight of him, as he makes what may be his last swings of the circuit. He's pretty happy about it all, too. Let's make it unanimous—not alone for him but for all the young fellows in Uncle Sampson's uniform. Ted's just one more. Power and glory to 'em all!"

What Bill Cunningham *didn't* say, we venture to add ourselves. Ted Williams enlisted after reading Cunningham's article, "Commandos" for America, in Liberty.

THAT'S NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS. So is this cabled private report from a correspondent in London:

"The path we take in the vitally important year of 1942 determines the world in which our children will live. The urgency of our choice is what the British Labor Party has in mind at its annual debate on policy. The conference agrees that measures of government control are needed for mobilizing national resources as necessary in peace as in war. Socialization of the basic industries and services of the country, and planning of production for community consumption, are, say the conferees, the only lasting foundation for a just and prosperous community order, where political democracy and personal liberty can be combined with a reasonable standard of living for all citizens.

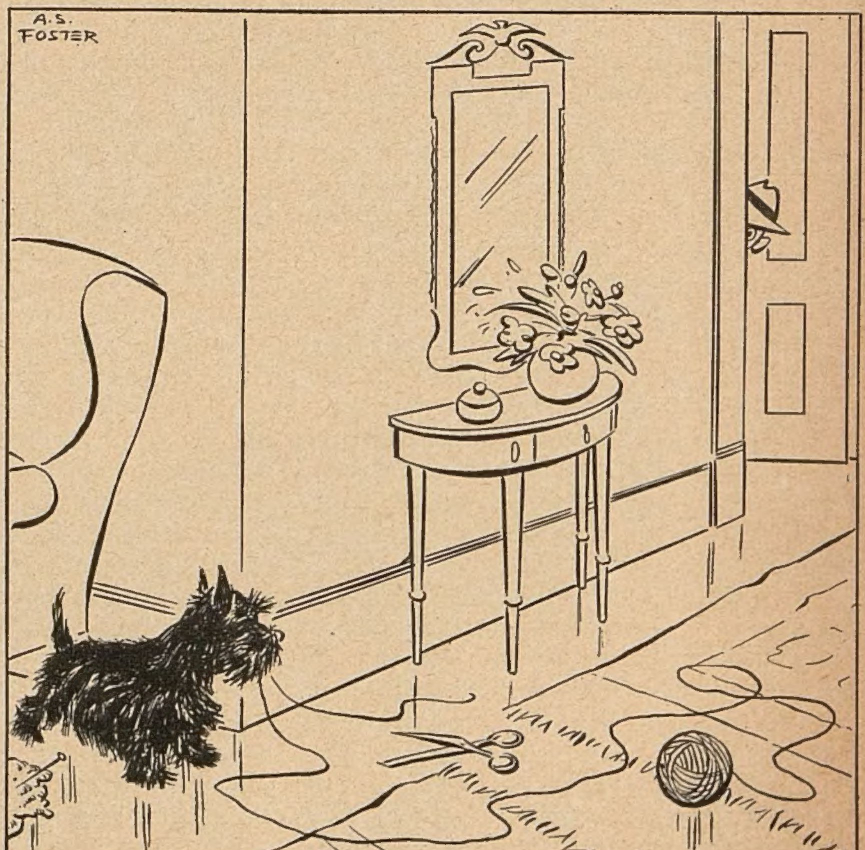
"The conference asks the Prime Minister to assure the country that a 'people's peace' will follow the Allied victory. In demanding state ownership of coal mines, transportation, shipping, and other industries, the Labor Party mentions particularly the munitions industry, as a guarantee against a third world war. Although the Labor Party lacks strong leadership, and certainly has no one aspiring to the Prime Ministership, it represents a large working class essential to the winning of both the war and the peace. Sir Stafford Cripps has a plan for government operation of coal mines. If this and more were done it would not be the first time Labor Party recommendations were carried out by a national or Tory government."

THE NAVY HAS NEVER BEFORE asked the general public for aid of any kind. The Navy Relief Society, managed entirely by Navy people for Navy people, was, until the present emergency, financed largely by the contributions of officers and men in the service. Their support continues—their casualties increase. Pearl Harbor alone cost more lives in half an hour than the World War and the Spanish-American War combined.

Thus, strikingly and succinctly, the Navy Relief campaign states its case. The society sees the Navy men and their families through every kind of emergency. Here is something direct and vital. Liberty is glad to give the undertaking a hearty and special endorsement.

The Editors

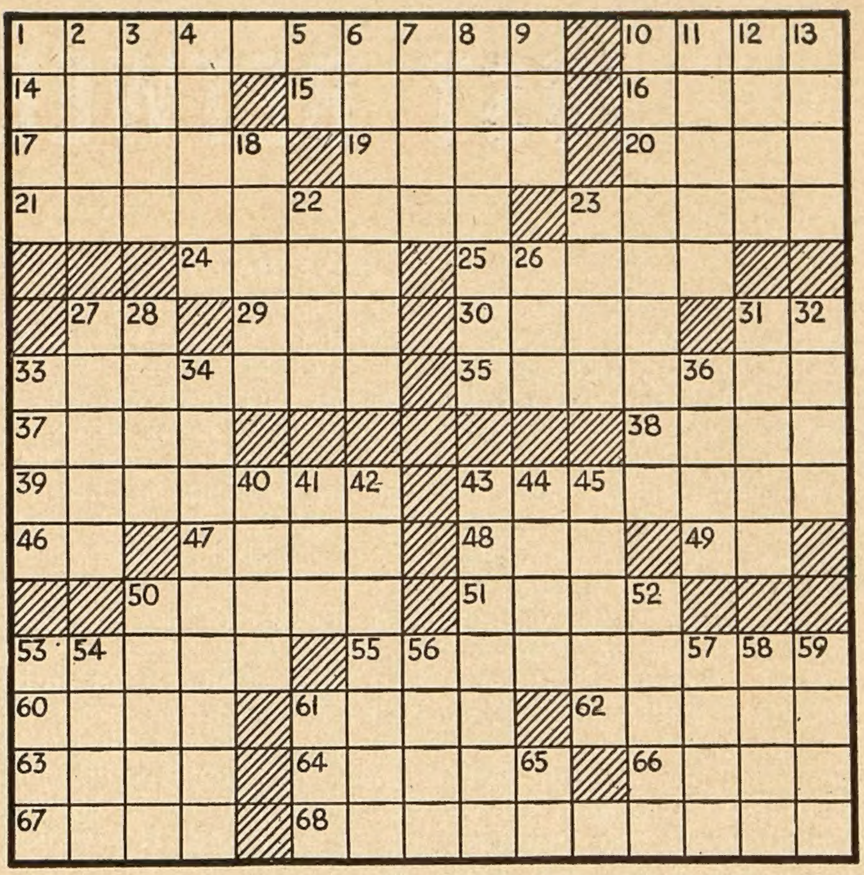
FALA



"Nothing escapes the watchful eye of our secret service!"

Cockeyed Crosswords

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Only means of finding Mortimer Snerd's brains
10 Durocher & Co.
14 No matter how you look at this, it's flat
15 Vichyous character
16 It's a scream from beginning to end
17 How Mrs. Parrot gets a new fur coat
19 Sloppy Sarah, the waitress, was the officers' what?
20 What the tongue of the belle did at teatime
21 Only things that enjoy the ants at a picnic
23 Bachelors wear spats as a protection against them
24 The end the R. A. F.'s been kicking the Hun in
25 Thingums
27 It's funny forward, wonderful backward
29 Jabber juice
30 Where Miss Ubangi wears her engagement ring
31 Ivori in Mussolinibusses domeibus
33 Conductors' favorite opera (pl.)
35 Armed movement
37 Greek combining form
38 $1,000,000 movie with a $100 plot
39 I'm all ears, never turn up my nose at a couple of scents
43 Underground plant, supplying branches over the country
46 Cockeyed concocter and whataman (abbr.)
47 Russian flatfoots (abbr.)
48 Underwear Vexes Ecuadorians (abbr.)
49 Pair of nostril openings
50 Two-faced fellow
51 People who live here live on the flat of the land
53 Trail of the Lonesome (Porcu) pine
55 Pertaining to Olympian vitamin source
60 Human meatball (two words)
61 Never shake a Martini; do this
62 Your head sits on one end, you sit on the other
63 Where Lima's bean for years
64 Beard in your nose, or a lot of ciliums
66 Einstein's singular beginnings
67 Fill up before getting gas
68 Person who leaves sugar in the bottom of his cup (two words)

VERTICAL

1 She dun tole me a woman is a worrisome thing
2 What John Alden used to press his suit
3 He won't let us run his bases
4 A hasbeen is a second what?
5 Saronged Lulus (abbr.)
6 Candidly, they click with us (snappy, eh?)
7 Preposition
8 What Washington economists are doing to the buck
9 There's been a recent reduction in this overhead (pl.)
10 Glass-eyed weather forecaster
11 "But the Bear *didn't* go over these mountains!"
12 Dangerous sea egg
13 Droops
18 This poor fish came to dinner fried
22 Definitely past
23 Remember him? He dropped in unexpectedly
26 A heel's companion
27 Angels get a bang out of these
28 About all Japan's conquered
31 Bunch of Irish stars
32 Clannish group
33 Always count this when you pay the price
34 Hitler recently met Mussolini for a short one
36 Two prepositions in one
40 Prince often heard at the opera
41 Emil Pets Women! (abbr.)
42 He raves about the New Disorder
43 This took Sidney Carton for a ride
44 Swear word
45 Jack in South America (pl.)
50 Where highballs are served to professional racketeers
52 It has the delirium tremens
53 Mental 0000s
54 Chinese pod dweller
56 Where Venus chewed her fingernails
57 One word after another (Hitler)
58 Simple maids
59 Canary Cottage
61 Sourpusses Constrain Victory (abbr.)
65 Audible Underwear (made of crash, of course!) (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

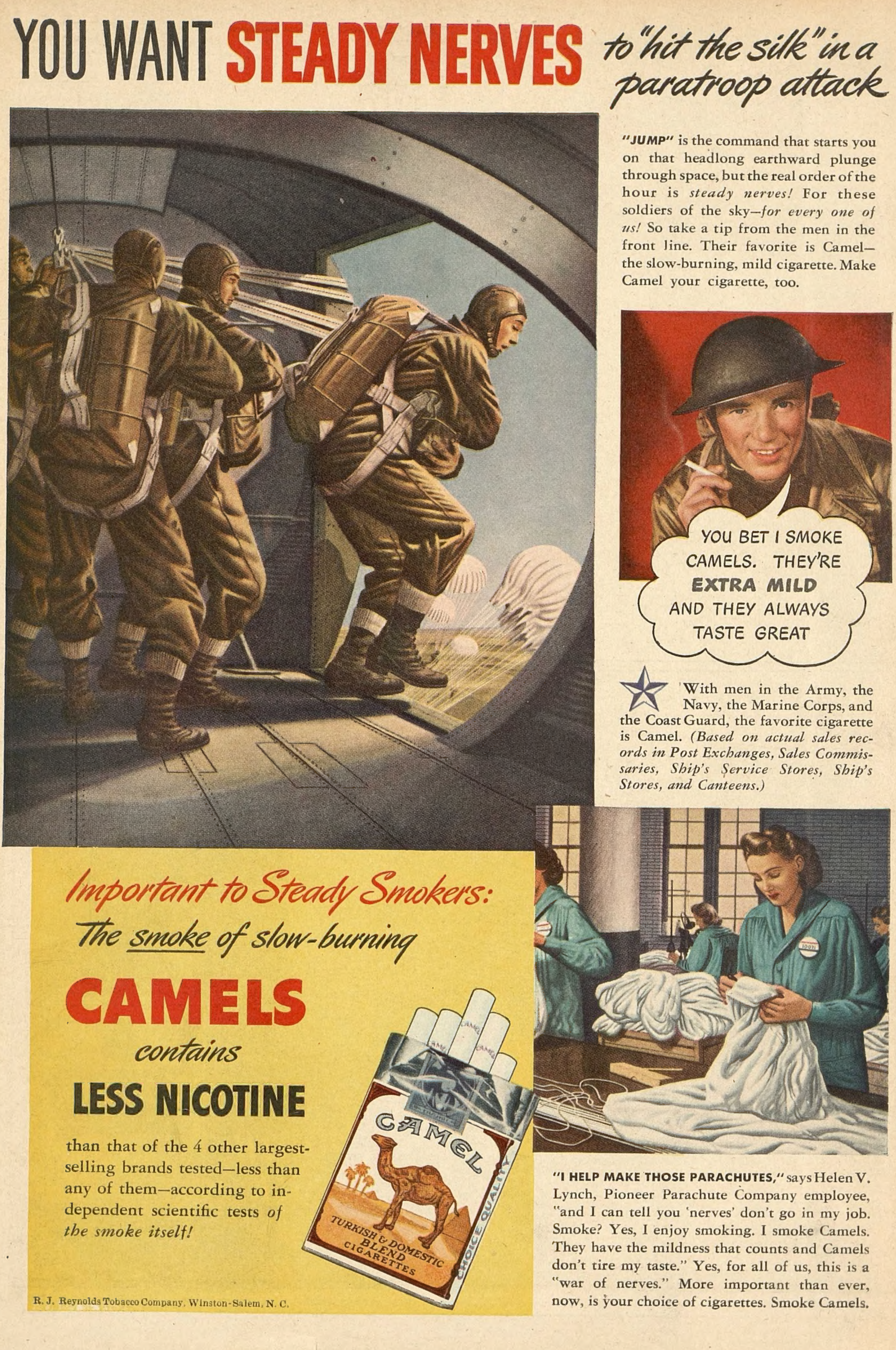
L	I	M	A	■	A	M	I	C	E	■	U	P	O	N
E	D	A	M	■	P	A	N	E	L	■	D	E	M	I
N	O	R	■	M	E	T	■	M	E	L	O	D	I	C
E	L	I	D	E	D	■	V	E	G	A	■	I	T	E
■	■	N	E	W	■	M	A	N	Y	■	I	T	■	■
S	M	E	W	■	L	A	S	T	■	S	M	I	L	E
P	E	R	■	B	O	L	T	■	T	E	A	S	E	D
A	T	■	C	O	D	E	■	C	A	L	M	■	M	I
T	A	M	A	L	E	■	G	O	L	F	■	P	O	T
S	L	A	T	E	■	L	I	K	E	■	T	A	N	S
■	■	T	O	■	S	E	R	E	■	H	E	R	■	■
A	L	A	■	O	P	A	L	■	C	A	N	A	P	E
M	I	D	I	R	O	N	■	C	A	M	■	G	O	T
I	R	O	N	■	R	E	D	A	N	■	B	O	L	O
D	A	R	N	■	T	R	O	P	E	■	A	N	O	N

Last week's answer

"It Grows On You," Mr. HI tells Mr. HATT

Yes-Kessler's whiskey has an edge
On everything in sight
You're keen about its flavor
And its smoothness treats you right.
HI
HATT
KESSLER'S Private Blend
KESSLER'S Private Blend
BLENDED WHISKEY
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"
KESSLER'S
BLENDED WHISKEY

75% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Baltimore, Md.; Lawrenceburg, Indiana.



YOU WANT STEADY NERVES *to "hit the silk" in a paratroop attack*

"JUMP" is the command that starts you on that headlong earthward plunge through space, but the real order of the hour is *steady nerves!* For these soldiers of the sky—*for every one of us!* So take a tip from the men in the front line. Their favorite is Camel—the slow-burning, mild cigarette. Make Camel your cigarette, too.

YOU BET I SMOKE CAMELS. THEY'RE **EXTRA MILD** AND THEY ALWAYS TASTE GREAT

With men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. *(Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)*

Important to Steady Smokers:

The smoke of slow-burning

CAMELS

contains

LESS NICOTINE

than that of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

"I HELP MAKE THOSE PARACHUTES," says Helen V. Lynch, Pioneer Parachute Company employee, "and I can tell you 'nerves' don't go in my job. Smoke? Yes, I enjoy smoking. I smoke Camels. They have the mildness that counts and Camels don't tire my taste." Yes, for all of us, this is a "war of nerves." More important than ever, now, is your choice of cigarettes. Smoke Camels.